

When a **Woman** was **President**
of the **United States**

WEEK
ENDING
FEB. 20, 1932

5c

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

LARGEST
SINGLE COPY
SALE
OF ANY
MAGAZINE



"BE Mouth-Happy"



When the wisecracks come fast and furious, and the merriment stops the clock... remember Spud! Old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment, while you smoke... and a clean taste in your mouth, when you sign off.

SMOKE SPUDS

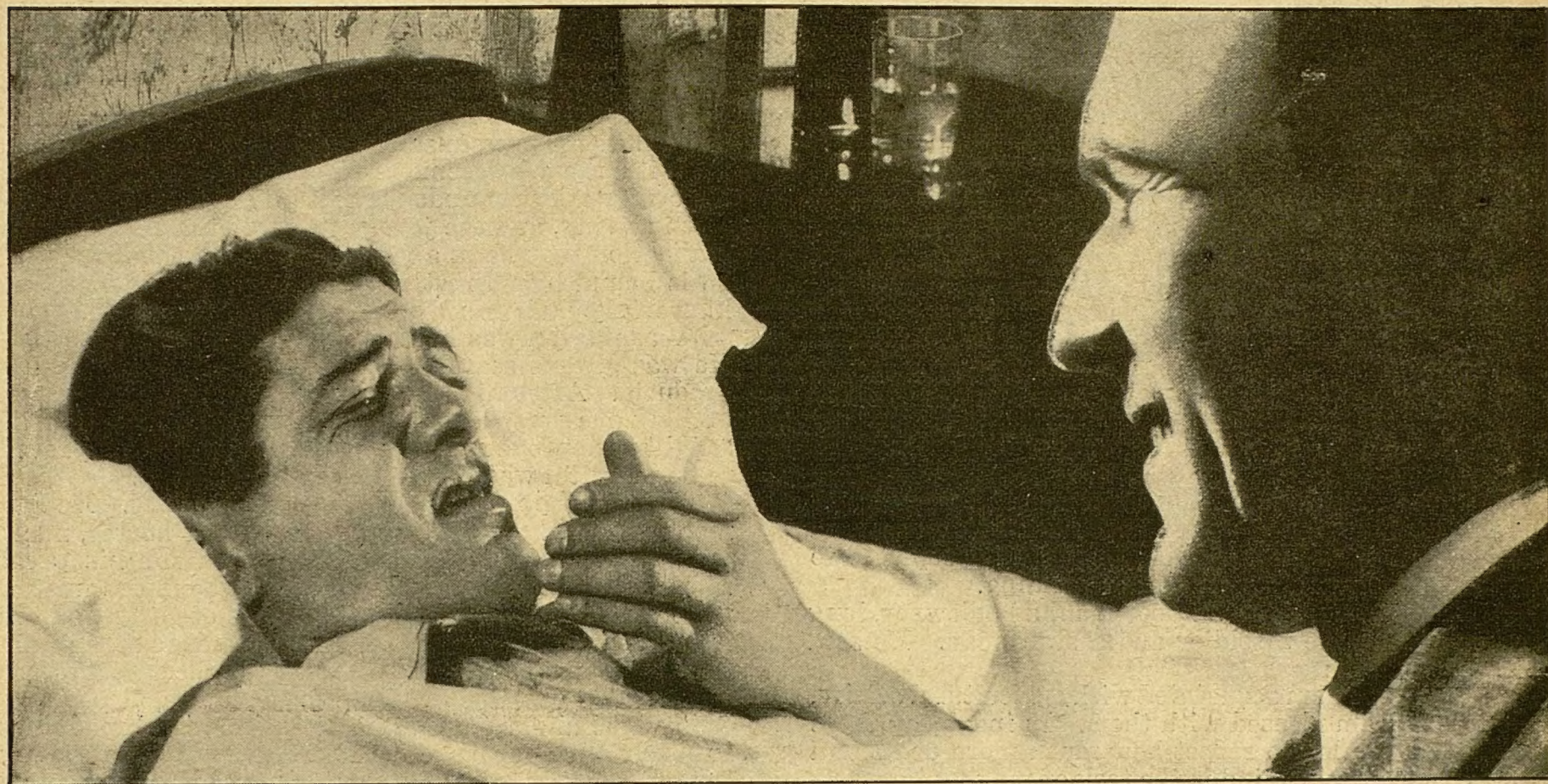
MENTHOL-COOLED



CIGARETTES

20 FOR 20c (30c IN CANADA)...THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

"COUGH, you chump . . it's all your own fault"



Now millions prevent colds by twice-a-day Listerine Gargle

66% reduction shown in tests

Now people are beginning to realize that if they have a cold they have only themselves to blame.

They are learning that ordinary colds can frequently be prevented . . . their number often reduced 50% and sometimes 66%. One cold a year instead of three.

Twice-a-day Gargle Does It

Wise eating, moderate exercise, ample rest are half the battle in warding off colds. The other half is the systematic twice-a-day gargle with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

For Listerine, by scientific tests, is revealed as a splendid aid in preventing colds and reducing their severity and duration. Never have its swift germ-killing power and safe healing action been so clearly disclosed. Below is a brief outline of one of the many tests and its results.

One-half as many Colds

204 persons in normal health were under medical observation for a period of one month to four-and-a-half months. One-third of them did not gargle with Listerine. One-third gargled twice a day. One-third gargled five times a day.

Now, note these results:

Those who gargled with Listerine twice a day had from 50% to 66% fewer colds than those who did not gargle with Listerine.

Colds 1/4 as Severe

When Listerine users did contract colds, they were one-fourth as severe and lasted only one-third as long as the colds con-

tracted by those who did not use Listerine. Those who gargled five times a day showed even greater resistance to infection.

Safety is Answer

Only a mouth wash combining the factors of swift, germicidal effect and safe, healing action could accomplish such results. Physicians tell us that mouth washes so harsh they must be diluted before they dare be used, may, and often do, cause irritation through which germs usually enter the body. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Tried it?

LISTERINE RUB
a NEW SALVE for the quicker
relief of coughs and irritation

Listerine . . . effective because SAFE!

FEB. 20,
1932

Liberty

*America's Best Read Weekly*VOL. 9
No. 8

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.:
Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents;
Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Executive Editor. Entered as second
class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act
of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1932, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United
States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions;
otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to
return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage);
but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

In the United States and possessions, 5¢ a copy, \$2.50 a year.

Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, \$4.50 a year in U. S. funds (including tax).

Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba,
Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama,
Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, \$4.00 a year.

In Continental Europe and British Isles, \$6.00 a year. In all other countries, \$10.00
a year.

No subscription less than one year. Allow 4 weeks for change of address.

Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

*"That this nation, under God, shall have a new
birth of freedom, and that government of the people,
by the people, for the people, shall not perish from
the earth."*
—Abraham Lincoln.

OUR GREAT NATIONAL HERO

Again we are celebrating George Washington's birthday.

This year it has a much greater significance because of the bicentennial celebration which is being observed throughout the country, and it is quite appropriate to call attention to his great love for farming.

Washington was an outdoor man, a landowner, long before he became a soldier and a statesman. He said on one occasion:

"The more I am acquainted with agricultural affairs, the better I am pleased with them. In indulging these feelings, I am led to reflect how much more delightful to an undebauched mind is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vain glory that can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests."

He believed that the life of a farmer is honorable and delectable, at times even amusing, and that with judicious management it is profitable.

A back-to-the-land movement today is the only remedy that will save our nation in the serious emergencies we are now facing.

The farmer is the most independent individual on earth. To be sure, when he is raising certain crops for the market and depending upon them his reward will be uncertain. Farming is then truly a gambling game. But if he raises a sufficient variety of products to supply the needs of his family, the financial returns for his special crop are not so important. He can always depend upon being well fed. There should always be enough to eat, and in the country clothing is never much of a problem. One may wear much or little, as his taste or finances allow.

After his retirement from the Presidency, Washington said:

"I am at length become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac where under my own vine and fig tree, free from the bustle of a camp and the intrigues of a court, I shall view the busy world with calm indifference, and with serenity of mind, which the soldier in pursuit of glory, and the statesman of a name, have not the leisure to enjoy."

In celebrating his bicentennial anniversary it would indeed be fitting if we could use it as a means of emphasizing the importance of following Washington's example of going back to the land.

The hectic fervor that is often a part of business need not touch the farmer. He need not be afraid of losing his job and, as Washington said, he can view the outside world with calm indifference. He is not compelled to work at the dictates of a factory whistle. He does not have to punch a time clock. And the dust and fumes that pollute the air in the city are absent in the country. God's pure air and sunshine are there to enjoy.

With the wholesome food that comes direct from his own garden he finds new vitality and health, a new zest in living, and the joyous thrill that comes with the realization that he is a free man. The knowledge that he is bound by no restrictions except those he creates himself should be a source of endless satisfaction.

Washington was known to be a progressive farmer. He was always searching for means of improving his products. After his retirement to Mount Vernon much of his time was devoted to experiments in which he sought to improve farming. And every idea that proved to be practical was passed on for general use.

He was the first American to raise mules. He had many yokes of oxen, numerous stables of horses, many sheep and other animals. One reason for his great interest in farming was his dream of an empire west of the Alleghenies made up of thousands of farms, and in his last message to Congress he recommended the establishment of a Board of Agriculture to collect and diffuse information of value in farming.

Today hungry faces stare at us from the bread lines in nearly all of our large cities. Hungry children crying for food make parents desperate and they can hardly be blamed for lawlessness. Our immediate and greatest problem at this time is the relief of these people.

Every city should begin to operate a plan where those who seek relief will be sent to the country and given a certain amount of land—enough to support them in a meager fashion until they begin to raise food of their own. They should not be put on a dole—that disgraceful emergency which should never be adopted except as a last resort.

With only a few acres they can raise vegetables, corn, and practically everything they need to eat, and become self-supporting very quickly thereafter. The problem of provision for tens of thousands would be shifted to their own shoulders instead of their having to depend on charity.

During Washington's lifetime the people in the United States lived on farms and raised and produced all the necessities of life. What greater memorial could the bicentennial year of 1932 bring to Washington's memory than the rehabilitation of agriculture, thus assisting in bringing back the prosperity that we all are so earnestly seeking?

IN THIS ISSUE

When a Woman Was President of the United States GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK 7 <i>First of a series of startling revelations of the Wilson régime</i>	
The Shackled Cinderella—Part II EDWARD DOHERTY 14 <i>A new novel of hearts and handcuffs</i>	
How Long Could George Washington Keep Out of Jail if He Were Alive Today? CLEMENT WOOD 24 <i>Not five minutes if he did what he used to do</i>	
Dolly's Past—A story JOHN LEBAR 30	
Meet Mulligan and Kirk—Movie reviews FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 36	
Grandmothers Can Still Be Young MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT 38 <i>The wife of New York's governor tells you how</i>	

The Racing Beetles—A short short story REX REGAN 41	
Things We Could Learn from the English DIANA BOURBON 42 <i>A few pointers on the art of living</i>	
M. Clinquant's Mistake—A story DOUGLAS NEWTON 48	
And a One-Two to the Heart—A story GEORGE S. BROOKS 56	
\$500 a Week for Wise Cracks 68	
To the Ladies! PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 70	
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (23); Home Life Snapshot Winners (35); Bright Sayings of Children (54); Civilization's Progress (55); Yardleygram (64); For the Love o' Lil (65); Vox Pop (66-67); Cross Word Puzzle (69)	

Cover by Leslie Thrasher



Should she have been frank?

THIS is a case where a woman paid a high price for silence. Like so many other commendable people she kept small irritations to herself. It was hard for her to speak out—even though a frank discussion might have smoothed trouble away.

Little things continually cropped up to mar her happiness. Possibly she should have overlooked them entirely. Certainly it was a grave mistake to harbor bitter thoughts. She allowed petty annoyances to pile up until her patience was almost exhausted. Then her husband grew a bit careless in his appearance—even failed to shave as often or as carefully as he should.

She called this the "last straw" and left him.

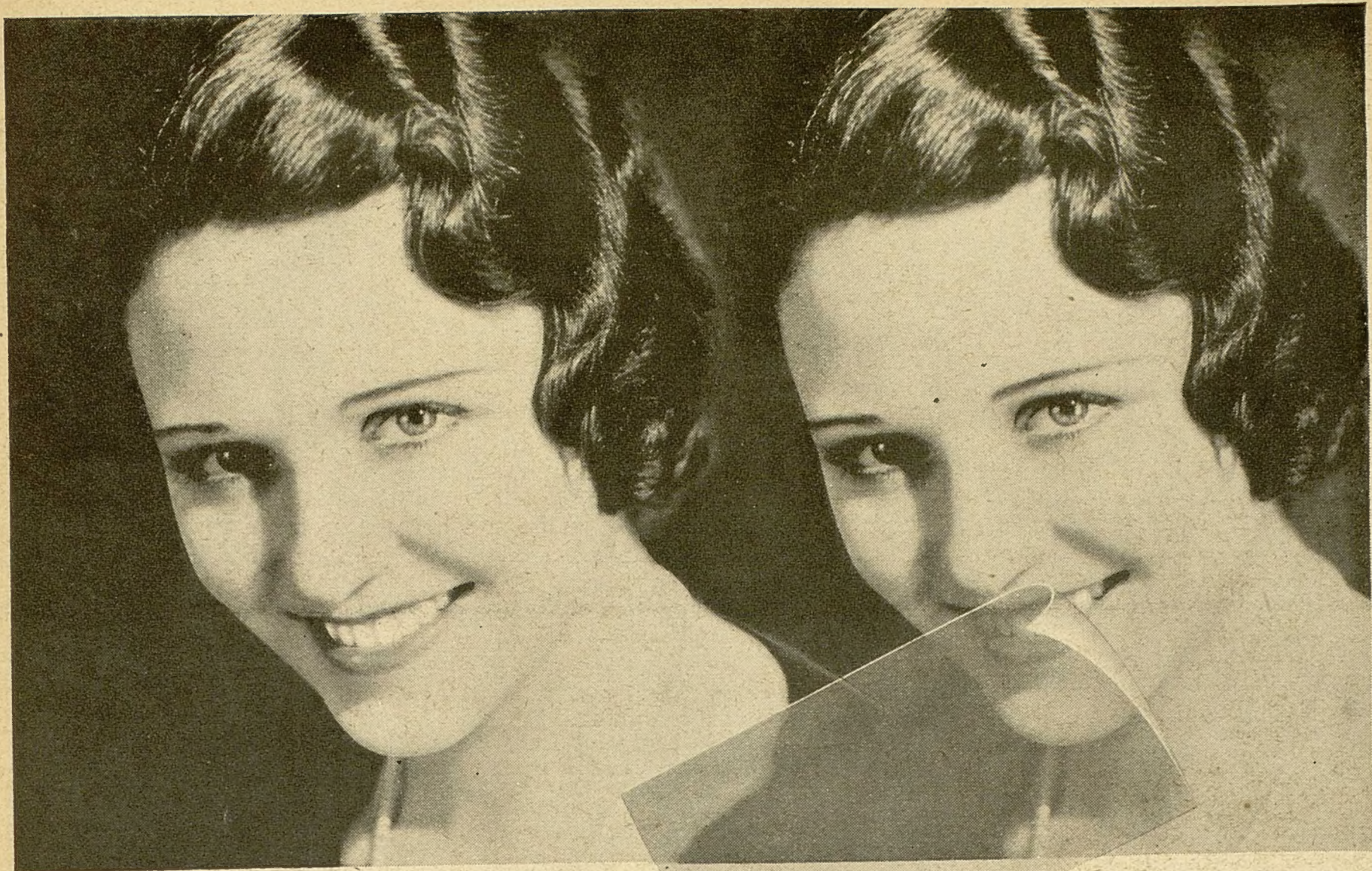
• • •

Is a woman correct in assuming a man is losing respect for her or himself when he becomes careless about shaving? We think not—discomfort is a more likely reason—although stubble is a handicap in almost every business or social contact. May we suggest today's Gillette blade is the answer in cases like this.

This blade is far keener and smoother—invites frequent, close shaving. Once or twice daily use will not irritate the tenderest skin. We urge you to try this remarkable blade on our positive money-back guarantee. If you don't agree every shave is by far the cleanest and smoothest you have ever enjoyed—return the package to your dealer and he'll refund the purchase price.

Gillette

RAZORS  BLADES



FILM is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay...to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

Two reasons for decay Three rules for fighting it

Interesting theories on what makes teeth decay. What to do

AUTHORITIES now believe there are two causes of common tooth decay. One is the lack of essential food elements in diet... interior tooth structure when under-nourished shows a tendency to disintegrate and offers "low resistance" to disease.

The second cause is germs—or to be more accurate, acids manufactured by germs. These acids gradually dissolve enamel and attack the part beneath.

Pepsodent tooth paste was developed to remove the "outside" enemy of teeth. Only your diet—see suggestions—can help you fight trouble from within.

Remove film on teeth

On your teeth a coating forms called *film*. It is most prevalent after eating and on rising in the morning.

Film is ugly. It absorbs the stains from food and smoking. It dims the sparkling brilliance of your teeth.

Film attracts the germs associated with decay. It glues them tightly to the tooth's enamel. What's more, film makes an ideal incubator in which germs grow and multiply. Film must be removed for safety—*twice every day*.

A new cleansing material

Recently Pepsodent laboratories made a notable discovery—a cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different. This material is unsurpassed in removing stained, destructive film. It imparts a higher brilliance to tooth enamel. And, last of all, this new material is **SAFE**—safe, because it's soft, twice as soft as polishing material in common use.

Because of its great safety it is urged for cleansing baby teeth and for polishing delicate enamel. Pepsodent marks the pinnacle of achievement in the making of modern toothpaste. Rely on it.

1. Remove film—

use Pepsodent toothpaste every morning and every night.

2. Eat these foods—

One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.



3. See your Dentist—

Adults at least twice a year—children every 3 months and at the slightest suspicion of trouble.



Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N.B.C. network.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

The second Mrs.
Woodrow Wilson.

When a WOMAN was PRESIDENT of the United States

Wide World photo

First of a Series of Startling Revelations of the Wilson Regime Based Upon the Correspondence of the President, Facts Obtained from His Associates, and Conversations with Colonel E. M. House, His Confidential Advisor, as

Prepared and Written by

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 30 minutes 35 seconds.)

AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION: I propose to tell the true story of the Wilson Administration, curiously entwined with the story of the friendship between Woodrow Wilson and Edward Mandell House—the strangest friendship in history. In preparing my recital I have had the unconscious collaboration of Woodrow Wilson. His constant intimate letters to Colonel House have been opened to me and I have found in them an index to the real Wilson. Colonel House himself has answered numberless questions.

Other distinguished contemporaries have helped to guide my sometimes faltering footsteps. Emperor William II carefully read and revised my account of the historical interview between himself and Colonel House which almost stopped the World War.

Dr. Constantin Dumba, the ambassador of Francis Joseph in Washington; Count Johann von Bernstorff, the envoy of William II; Bainbridge Colby, Mr. Wilson's Secretary of State; General T. W. Gregory, Mr. Wilson's Attorney-General; David F. Houston, Mr. Wilson's Secre-

tary of Agriculture and McAdoo's successor as Secretary of the Treasury; Newton D. Baker, the pacifist Secretary of War of a pacifist President; Frank L. Polk, legal adviser of the State Department; Joseph P. Tumulty, the most loyal of secretaries; the late Sidney E. Mezes, Director of the Inquiry, the body established to prepare the American data for the Peace Conference; Justice Charles Evans Hughes, Wilson's opponent in 1916; Louis Seibold, the brilliant Washington correspondent; Professor Charles Seymour, the editor of *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House*—and innumerable others—have been kind enough to aid my researches.

No one except myself is responsible for my conclusions. Many of those to whom I am indebted for information, including Colonel House himself, will disagree emphatically with some of my interpretations. I am the cook. If I have spoiled the broth, the fault is mine, not theirs.

I draw freely upon my own experiences. My slant is somewhat more intimate than that of the historian, because I have met and known personally many of the per-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHEN A WOMAN WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES]

Continued from page seven

sonages who stalk through my articles: President Wilson and his daughters, Clemenceau, McAdoo, Bryan, Page, Burleson, Gregory, Colby, Morgenthau, Ludendorff, Foch, Briand, Sir William Wiseman, once head of the British Secret Service in the United States, President Roosevelt, Colonel House, William II, etc., etc.

When I began my study I looked upon Woodrow Wilson as the villain of the ensuing drama. As I proceeded to delve into the débris of reminiscences and unwritten history, he gradually assumed aspects of a hero and a saint. There was a time when there was no one in the world whom I distrusted more than Edward Mandell House. Today he seems to me a genuine philosopher and a gifted statesman. Even if his good intentions, like Wilson's, have helped to pave mankind's way to hell, they gave us a glimpse of the Promised Land where peace abides and a new sanction governs the fate of nations.

We shall travel on uncharted seas of history. The story that unfolds itself before the reader will astonish those who have never looked behind the stage where history is made. A Swedish Chancellor once said: "My son, you do not know with how little wisdom the world is governed." The Swedish statesman was right. There are neither heroes nor villains in our drama, but poor, struggling mortals, each trying vainly to play his part without fumbling his lines.

Those who follow me will discover that for six and one-half years the United States was governed by a duumvirate—a committee of two. They will note the confusion prevailing in the diplomatic service of the United States because the duumvirs, scorning official avenues of diplomacy, chose to communicate with foreign governments through channels of their own. We shall witness the spectacle of a President disowning his own ambassadors, and of ambassadors disowning their government. We shall catch intimate glimpses of monarchs and of premiers. We shall hear what Colonel House said to the Kaiser and to King George, and what they said to him. We shall learn why Wilson called the British boobs, and why the United States was on the verge of war with Great Britain during the Wilson Administration.

We shall reveal the origin of "the strangest and most fruitful personal alliance in history," and tell, for the first time, the true story of why it was broken. There will be no doubt as to who was the real author of the Fourteen Points and who tried to save them in Paris. We shall discover that Woodrow Wilson made a secret agreement pledging the United States to war before he was reelected, why he reversed himself on the Panama tolls, and why he plunged us into the war. We shall learn that twice in his career President Wilson was on the point of resigning the Presidency, and why Wilson refused to support his son-in-law McAdoo's Presidential ambitions, and other carefully guarded secrets.

In this connection we shall make the astounding discovery that for six and one-half months, if not longer, Edith Bolling Wilson was virtually President of the United States.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

PART ONE—THE GREAT COLLAPSE

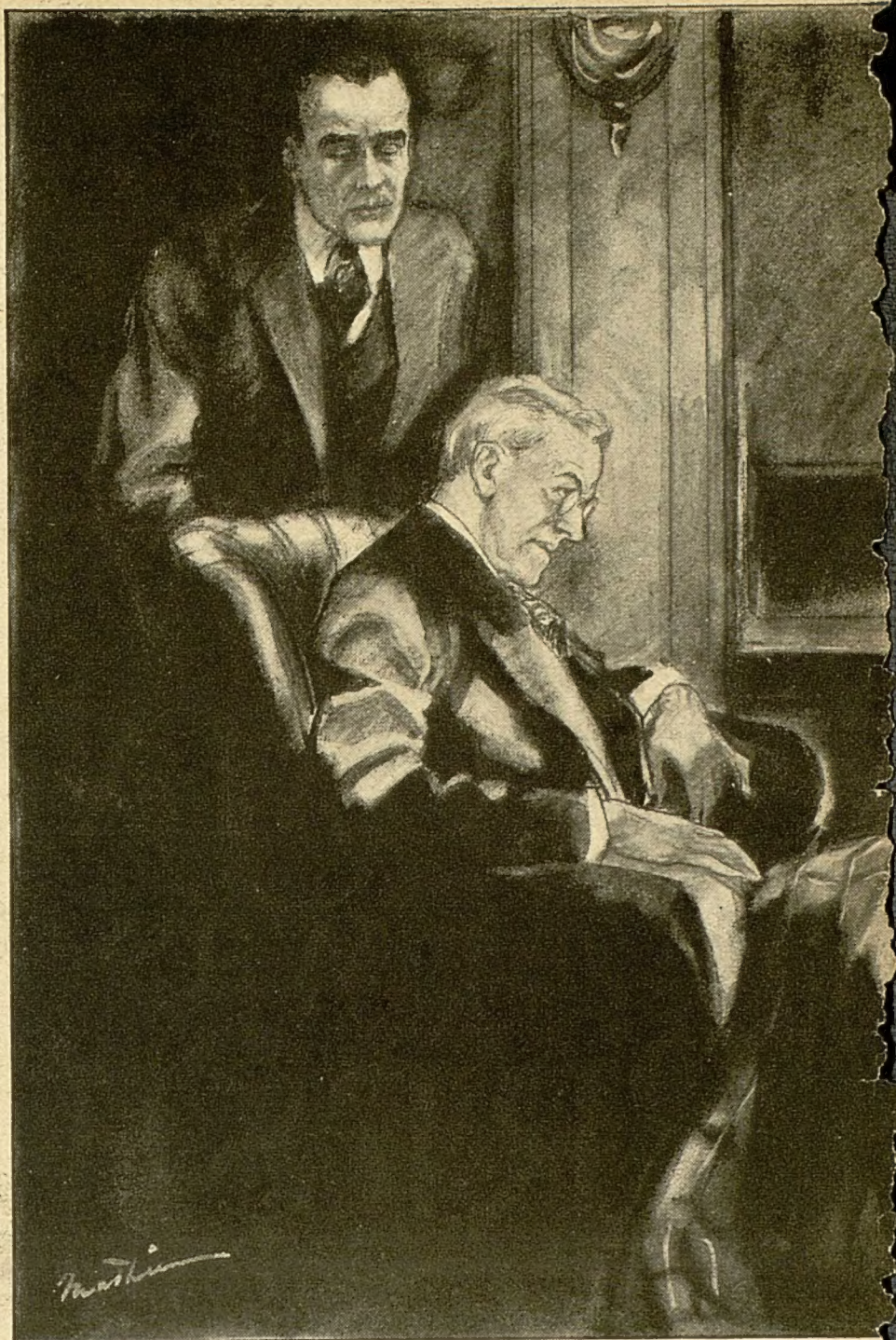
FOR six and one-half months, from September 26, 1919, to April 13, 1920, a woman was virtually President of the United States.

For six and one-half months Edith Bolling Wilson fulfilled the dream of Susan B. Anthony.

For six and one-half months she was, so to speak, not only acting President, but secretary to the President, and Secretary of State.

From mid-April to the end of Wilson's term on March 4, 1921, Edith Bolling Wilson shared with Woodrow Wilson the responsibilities and duties of the Chief Magistracy of the Republic.

To understand this, perhaps the most extraordinary, chapter in American history, we must briefly sketch Woodrow Wilson's crusade on behalf of the Covenant and the League of Nations, which ended with his physical and nervous collapse. This collapse seems all the more astounding since Woodrow Wilson was never more fit physically than when he was in the White House. I have



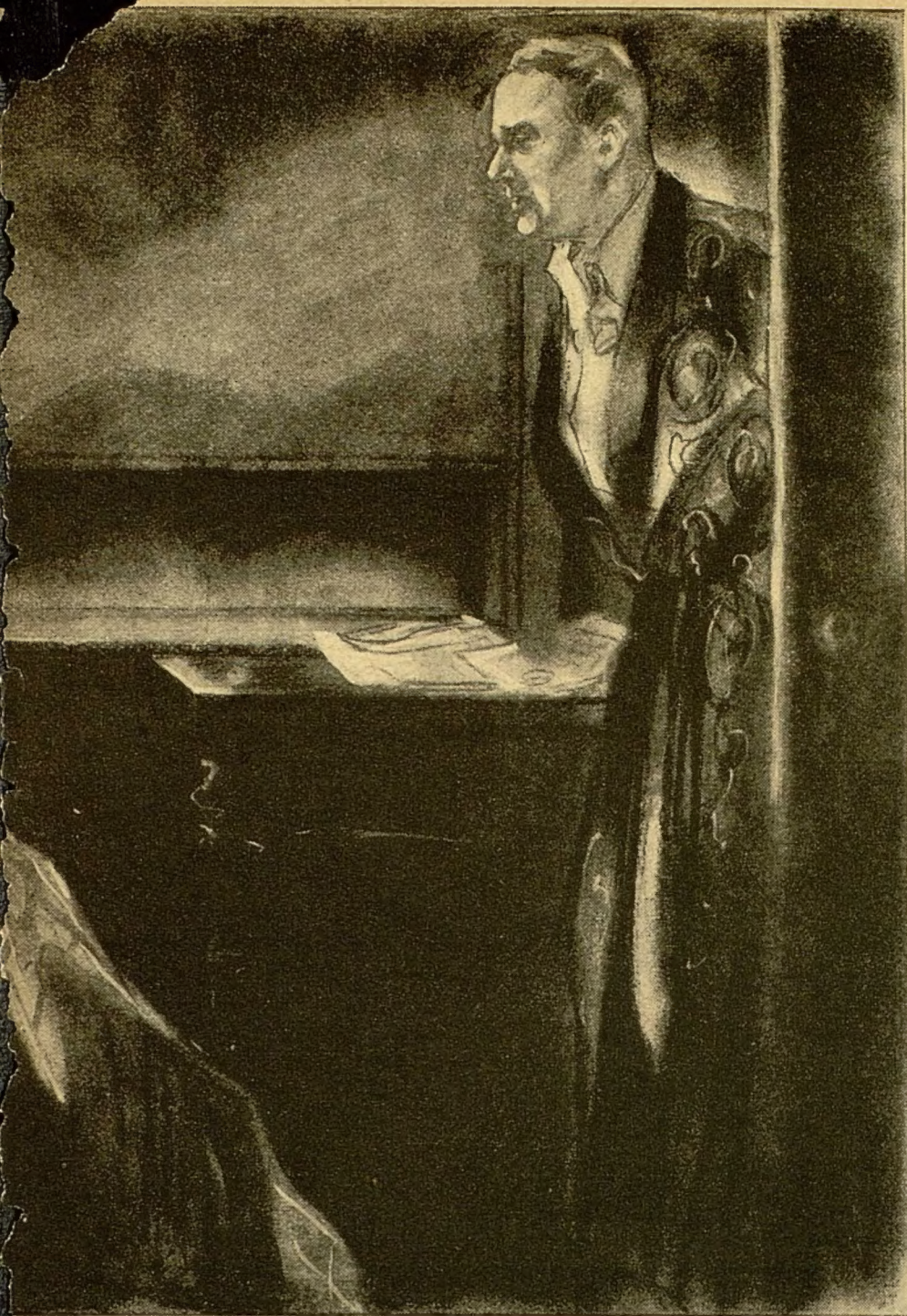
When Tumulty arrives at the President's drawing-room

this assurance from Colonel House. It is corroborated by Admiral Grayson. "I am in better health than I have been in forty years," Wilson himself said to his doctor, prior to America's entrance into the war. Dr. Grayson's régime enabled the President to bear his war burdens with undiminished vitality. He had laid aside coal-tar tablets and found golf a substitute for the stomach pump. Even strenuous speaking campaigns did not tax his strength unduly.

Clinton Gilbert, who met Wilson in Paris at the apex of his career, describes him as marvelously fresh and young, his color warm and youthful, his eye alive to pleasure. "His League Covenant had just been agreed to. The world had accepted him. . . . He was elated and confident."

Dr. Grayson insists that Paris upset Wilson's constitution. It limited his exercise and French hospitality made it impossible to carry out the rigid diet to which Wilson had accustomed himself. The circumstances cited by Dr. Grayson were no doubt important. But Wilson's mysterious physical breakdown was probably due largely to psychic causes.

ALL his life Wilson shrank from contact with other men. Everyone who knew Wilson closely testifies that such contacts, except under conditions chosen by himself, were a torture to him. But Wilson had found an escape from his difficulty by his alliance with House, who permitted the outside world to filter through his mind to Wilson, but protected his sensitive partner from the harsh winds that blew. For seven years House had functioned as his defense. The collapse of his alliance with House compelled him to bear unendurable frictions and combats. Wilson's conferences with Clemenceau, Lloyd George, and Orlando undermined his strength and destroyed the psy-



He finds him fully dressed and seated in his chair.

chic and nervous balance he had so laboriously acquired.

In addition to these assaults from without, he was assailed by inimical forces battling for mastery within himself. That battle was waged at the expense of his nervous surplus.

Wilson's organic inferiority combined in a vicious circle with psychic complications. Eyestrain, in all likelihood, aggravated both conditions. We can understand Wilson's mentality better if we realize that he was constrained to make one eye do the work of two. Years before the Peace Conference a retinal hemorrhage had deprived him of the sight of his right eye. The strain on his optical nerve, and that messenger of death hardening of the arteries, explain the violent headaches which began to plague him again in Paris. People noticed that one side of his face twitched ominously.

AN encounter with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee had compelled Wilson to face the unpleasant reality that he would have to wage battle for the Covenant unless he accepted certain senatorial reservations. But he was in no mood for compromise. He compelled his followers to vote against all reservations. The Covenant was defeated not by its enemies but by its friends!

Unimpressed by the tokens of Wilson's illness, pro-League senators impressed upon the President that he could not secure the acceptance of the Peace Treaty and the Covenant unless he personally undertook a great moral crusade. Remembering his recent European apotheosis, Wilson determined to take his case to the people. Tumulty and Grayson both urged him to delay the contemplated swing around the circle. But his stern moral Scotch-Presbyterian self overruled every other consideration.

Wilson met Grayson's objections with a grim smile.

"I know why you are here. You want to persuade me not to go. I know all your arguments and I admit their truthfulness. But the boys who went overseas did not refuse to go because it was dangerous. Many of them sacrificed their lives in an attempt to bring about a permanent peace. The thought of their sacrifice makes me more determined to put forth my utmost endeavor to have the League ratified, for I believe it will prevent another such world-wide catastrophe. No; despite your advice, I must go."

With the same grand gesture Wilson waved away Tumulty's advice to take a needed rest.

"Disastrous consequences may follow if you insist upon this trip," Tumulty objected.

"I know," Wilson replied wearily, "that I am at the end of my tether. But my friends on the Hill say that the trip is necessary to save the Treaty, and I am willing to make whatever personal sacrifice is required; for if the Treaty should be defeated, God only knows what would happen to the world as a result of it. Even though, in my condition, it might mean the giving up of my life, I will gladly make the sacrifice to save the Treaty."

ON September 3, 1919, the battered, broken, one-eyed Covenanter set forth upon his crusade. He made a notable speech in Columbus, Ohio. Others followed in quick succession. His reception by the crowds was not overfriendly. Tossing logic aside, he drew upon the mighty arsenal of his rhetoric. His phrasing and his delivery were exquisite. He pitted the batteries of his eloquence against the stone wall of destiny. Day after day his emotional ecstasy grew. Then came a shock, an attack that could neither be ignored nor laughed off.

On September 12 he received a news dispatch that unnerved him. William C. Bullitt testified before the Committee on Foreign Relations that Secretary Lansing had criticized the League of Nations severely. To Wilson and his friends this seemed like a stab in the back. Lansing's lame explanation in a dispatch failed to improve Wilson's temper.

"Were I in Washington," he said to Tumulty, "I would at once demand his resignation. That kind of disloyalty must not be permitted to go unchallenged for a single minute."

Tumulty is convinced that only Wilson's illness a few days later prevented his immediate dismissal of Lansing. Identifying himself with his cause, Wilson, like a true crusader, persuaded himself that anyone who disagreed with him was an enemy of the Lord. The arch-fiend in his universe was no longer the Kaiser but Lodge, who led the fight against the Peace Treaty. Lansing, by admitting in a confidential conversation that the Peace Treaty was not perfect, aligned himself with the powers of evil.

Living in a dream world of his own, Wilson planned, upon the completion of the Western trip, to make a sally into Senator Lodge's own territory in Massachusetts. But every day shattered more completely the confidence of the American people in Wilson's handiwork at Versailles.

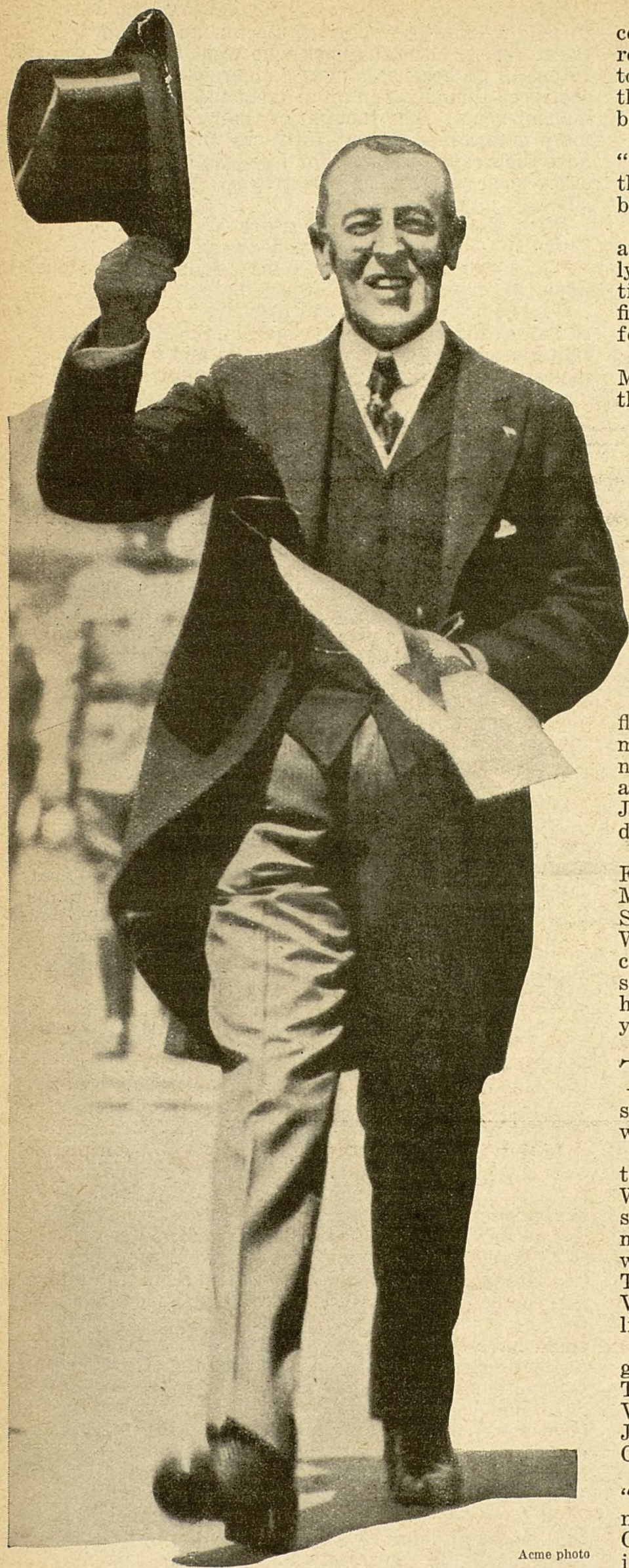
At last a ray of the truth must have pierced a chink of the fantastic armor in which Wilson accoutered himself, like the poor emperor in the story who suddenly realizes that he is naked. Colonel House was the only man who could have softened the blow to Wilson's pride without concealing from him the realities of the situation. But Colonel House was in Paris!

In Pueblo, on September 25, no longer master of his emotions, Woodrow Wilson bursts into tears when he addresses the crowd. His headaches rob him of sleep. When he sleeps, saliva drops from the corners of his mouth. Fever assails his body. Catastrophe is at hand.

At four o'clock in the morning, on September 26, Grayson knocks at Tumulty's compartment. "The President is seriously ill. I greatly fear that the trip may end fatally if he attempts to go on."

When Tumulty arrives at the President's drawing-room he finds him fully dressed and seated in his chair. Speech no longer flows freely. His tongue stumbles. His lips refuse to articulate. His face is ghostly pale; one side of it seems to have fallen, like a ruined house. Tears stream down the President's cheeks.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Acme photo

Wilson before his collapse—"elated and confident."

[WHEN A WOMAN WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES]
Continued from page nine

"My dear boy," he mumbles painfully, "this has never happened to me before. I felt it coming on yesterday. I do not know what to do."

Tumulty agrees with Grayson. The trip must be canceled. The sick man pleads with his doctor and his secretary. "Don't you see that if you cancel this trip Senator Lodge and his friends will say that I am a quitter, and that the Western trip was a failure, and the Treaty will be lost?"

Reaching over to him, Tumulty takes both of his hands. "What difference, my dear Governor, does it make what they say? Nobody in the world believes you are a quitter, but it is your life that we must now consider."

Wilson is unable to persuade Tumulty. His left arm and leg no longer function. His whole left side is paralyzed. But the indomitable Scotch-Presbyterian soul continues to argue: "I want to show them that I can still fight and that I am not afraid. Just postpone the trip for twenty-four hours and I will be all right."

The train slides into a siding near Wichita, Kansas. Mrs. Wilson, now thoroughly alarmed, takes command of the situation. The Wichita engagement is canceled.

With the assistance of Grayson, she takes hold of the reins, never to relinquish them while Wilson lives. Riding around the town, the train turns homeward. Blinds drawn, it heads for Washington.

Skeptics among the newspaper men believed that the President was shamming illness. The majority were not surprised. They had seen unmistakable signs of the approaching collapse. When the train arrived in Washington on a Sunday morning, Wilson, controlling the agony that racked his limbs, walked briskly through Union Station.

A few days later, October 4, at four o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Wilson, hearing the President calling from the bathroom, found him prostrate on the floor, his left leg crumpled under him. Grayson was summoned in haste. When the President regained consciousness he asked his wife and his doctor to keep his condition a secret. Such, at least, is the statement vouchsafed by Josephus Daniels. No one talked to the invalid immediately after his stroke except Grayson and Mrs. Wilson.

Grayson summoned a Philadelphia specialist, Dr. Francis X. Dercum, Rear Admiral E. R. Stitt of the Naval Medical Corps, and Mrs. Wilson's family physician, Dr. Sterling Ruffin of Washington. The doctors agreed that Wilson had suffered from a cerebral thrombosis, a blood clot in the right side of his brain, which paralyzed the left side of his body. Dr. Dercum was grave. "Mr. Wilson," he said, "may live five minutes, five months, or five years."

THE last part of his prediction came nearest the truth. Shut off completely from the world of reality, Wilson survived from October 4, 1919, to February 3, 1924. But was he the same Woodrow Wilson after the stroke?

No hint of the President's true condition was permitted to percolate through from the White House. Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson threw around the sick bed the screen of professional secrecy and wifely devotion. No member of the Cabinet, not even the Secretary of State, was permitted to approach the sick man's bedside. Even Tumulty was compelled to wait in the anteroom. The Vice President of the United States was left in the dark, like the rest of the country.

Conscious of his duty to keep the machinery of the government moving, Mr. Lansing, in a private talk with Tumulty, suggested the advisability of calling upon the Vice President to act for the President. He opened Jefferson's Manual and read to Tumulty a clause of the Constitution.

Tumulty, already wroth with Lansing, was enraged. "Mr. Lansing," he sharply retorted, "the Constitution is not a dead letter with the White House. I have read the Constitution and do not find myself in need of any tutoring at your hands in the provisions you have just read. And who," he asked, shaking with indignation, "should certify to the disability of the President?"

"That," Lansing diplomatically intimated, "would be a job for either Dr. Grayson or for you."

"You may rest assured," Tumulty thundered, summoning all the fighting instincts of his race, "that while Woodrow Wilson is lying in the White House on the broad of his back I will not be a party to oust him. He has been

too kind, too loyal and too wonderful to me to receive such treatment at my hands."

Here Dr. Grayson entered the Cabinet room. Who guided Dr. Grayson's steps in that epic moment?

"I am sure," Tumulty said, every tone an impeachment of Lansing, "that Dr. Grayson will never certify to his disability. Will you, Grayson?"

Dr. Grayson emphatically concurred with Tumulty. Tumulty then, in no uncertain terms, notified Lansing: "If anyone outside the White House circle attempts to certify to the President's disability, Grayson and I will stand together and repudiate his statement."

"No further attempt," Tumulty says in his recital of the incident, "was made by Mr. Lansing to institute ouster proceedings against his chief."

Loyalty won at the expense of the Constitution!

"If," Tumulty added, as Lansing turned to the door, "the President were in a position to know of this episode, he would take decisive measures."

October, November, December, and January passed. For more than one quarter of a year, until February 13, 1920, Lansing remained Secretary of State. Wilson took no steps to end Lansing's régime in the State Department. The President was unable for over one-fourth of a year to discharge the functions of his office, even with the aid of Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Grayson.

In short, from March 4, 1913, to Wilson's debacle in Paris, June, 1919, the United States was governed by a duumvirate consisting of Wilson and House.

Wilson ruled alone, after his return, until September 26, when his Western trip ended.

From September 26 to October 4, the ship of state floundered without a helmsman.

Between September 26 and October 4, when Wilson was paralyzed by a blood clot on the brain, Mrs. Wilson assumed the reins, and she remained in command from that day until April 13, 1920, when Wilson resumed meetings with his Cabinet. But she remained his coregent until the end, March 4, 1921.

If Mrs. Wilson did not virtually rule the United States throughout that period, who did?

II

FROM the very beginning misleading accounts of the President's condition appeared in the press. The deception began with Wilson's collapse on the train. Grayson called the President's trouble "nervous exhaustion" and added that it was "not alarming." Tumulty declared that the President's exertions had brought on a "nervous reaction in his digestive organs."

The following day Edith Bolling Wilson and Admiral Grayson were in control on the President's train.

No one, not even Senator Hitchcock, Wilson's personal spokesman in the Senate, saw Wilson after his arrival in Washington, September 29. On October 3 the visit of the specialists summoned to the President's bedside was noted in the press. The President's son-in-law, William G. McAdoo, arrived in Washington. He left, according to the dispatches, without being permitted to see his father-in-law.

Official statements were lacking in candor. While Wilson lay unconscious and paralyzed, the newspapers indicated that the President was "chafing under restraint." Grayson was "constantly with him." On October 6 the public heard that Mrs. Wilson and Grayson still "guarded" the President, who was so anxious to get to work that he had called for a stenographer, but had been persuaded to give up the idea.

In the absence of authentic news from the White House, rumors sprang up overnight like mushrooms. Press and public foundered in a sea of uncertainty.

On October 10, 1919, Washington dispatches once more pictured a President improved to the point of being apparently about to overrule his physicians and wife and get back to work. But this picture was greatly changed by the Washington dispatches of October 12. The Associated Press story, carried by both the New York Times and the New York Tribune, began:



International photo

After his breakdown. Was he ever the same man as before?

"Hope that President Wilson might soon regain his normal health and resume fully the duties of his office was swept away today by his physicians."

"The President," read a bulletin signed by Grayson, Ruffin, Stitt, and Dercum, "shows signs of continued improvement, but his condition is such as to necessitate his remaining in bed for an extended period."

On this same date a bombshell exploded—the first

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WHEN A WOMAN WAS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES]

Continued from page eleven

guarded challenge to those who, keeping the physical person of the President virtually prisoner, insisted on retaining control of the executive business of the country in his hands, or ostensibly in his hands. The charge of T. N. T. was the publication of a letter written by Senator George Higgins Moses of New Hampshire to a friend in Manchester in his home state.

The sensational nature of Senator Moses' allegations lost nothing in the elaboration in the Providence Journal of October 13:

President Wilson is suffering from a very dangerous cerebral hemorrhage. . . . There is partial physical paralysis and the brain lesion is of such a character that Mr. Wilson has suffered several periods of aphasia. . . . From a high government official . . . it is learned that even if the President should show signs of improvement by the gradual absorption of the hemorrhage, any mental strain . . . would mean . . . a more dangerous condition. It is also declared there is no possibility that Mr. Wilson would be able to perform the functions of his office either in the immediate or the remote future.

But if the information of Senator Moses was correct—if Woodrow Wilson was partly paralyzed and subject to aphasia (loss of memory)—who was President? The Providence Journal assumed that McAdoo and Colonel House had control of the government. We know that this assumption was wrong.

The darkness in which the President's condition was still shrouded on October 14 appears in the following excerpt from the New York Times:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 13.—A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney-General of the United States, tonight declared that no member of President Wilson's Cabinet knows any more about Mr. Wilson's condition than appears in the newspapers.

Mr. Palmer was questioned on this point before he spoke at the Columbus Day celebration at the Academy of Music.

"What is the President's condition?" was the first question.

"You read the newspapers, don't you?" was the reply.

"Don't you know any more than that?" Mr. Palmer was asked.

"I do not," the Attorney-General replied.

"Does any Cabinet member know any more about it than what he reads in the newspapers?" Mr. Palmer was asked.

"No," was the answer.

D. F. Houston confirms Mr. Palmer's statement. We learn from his book *Eight Years With Wilson's Cabinet* that the Vice President of the United States, like the Cabinet, was ignored by the guardians of the bedchamber.

RESPONSIBLE government officials began to feel that the President's case should be considered as one of "disability," requiring Congressional action. The American people, noted by Northcliffe to be docile, began to grumble. Faced with this situation, the physicians gave out longer, apparently franker, but really no more revealing bulletins. The New York Herald of October 16 printed an "unofficial explanation" to the effect that "the President is being kept in very general touch with affairs, but he is not permitted to know any details of the Treaty fight. . . . Dr. Grayson and Mrs. Wilson inform the President in a general way what is happening."

An Associated Press dispatch from Washington lets the cat out of the bag: "With the exception of the news furnished him by Mrs. Wilson, the President has learned very little of national and international developments."

A writer in the Tribune uses stronger language on Sunday, October 19: "The ingenuity of his [the President's] retinue was taxed with appearing to carry out his wishes, while secretly thwarting them."

On October 21 the President for the first time performed an executive function (according to a headline

in the Tribune) by appointing Owen D. Young of Schenectady to a vacant place in the Industrial Conference then going on in Washington. The Times account of the same incident has this significant passage: "It was learned at the White House that during the day the President had occasion to send for some papers of an official character which he went over with Mrs. Wilson. Mrs. Wilson does most of the President's reading for him, as the physicians do not wish to have him do his own reading at this time."

On this day also the newspapers carried the story that four bills had become laws without the President's signature and in default of any action by him, because these bills had not been laid before him and he had not been permitted to know about them. "It is explained that . . . these bills . . . were not presented to him under the policy of keeping as much business as possible from him." (New York Times, October 21.) Evidently it lay in Mrs. Wilson's hands to submit to or withhold from the President legislation passed by the Congress.

THE hierarchical rank of those surrounding the President at this time may be gleaned from a report in the New York Tribune of October 22, 1919. Telling how the day before the President had been well enough to dictate and sign (in pencil) a letter to Secretary Lane, it says: "The letter was written after Bernard Baruch and Thomas L. Chadbourne . . . visited the White House and conferred with Secretary to the President Tumulty. Tumulty in turn conveyed their message to Dr. Grayson, who told the President. . . . The rule still applies against visitors to the President's sick room, only Mrs. Wilson and the nurse, and an occasional visit from the President's daughters, being permitted. Only rarely does Secretary Tumulty go to the bedside."

The next day's papers (October 23) reported that the President was able to sign bills which had been "handed to Dr. Grayson by Secretary Tumulty."

On November 18 a curious dramatic situation occurred. The President was permitted, for the second time since he had been stricken, to sun himself on the south lawn of the White House. "From the windows of the Cabinet room the members of the Cabinet, while in session, could see the President in his wheel chair." They could see him but not reach or communicate with him. Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock was equally unlucky. He led the fight for the Treaty that was most dear to Wilson's heart, but the sick room was locked against him.

On November 30 the Times reported that the President's physicians, after consultation, would not allow him to hold a conference scheduled with Senator Hitchcock at that time.

On December 3—more than two months after the breakdown in Wichita—the Times recorded that Hitchcock was still barred from the President. Those close to President Wilson were quoted as stating that the condition of his health was improving steadily. But "a considerable number of congressmen believe that the President is in much worse condition than his physicians have indicated."

This fermentation of adverse comment leads to the decision headlined in the New York Times of December 5, 1919: "Grayson to Let Wilson Transact More Business." The dispatch categorically states: "The President's only callers during his illness have been Secretary Tumulty; Senator Hitchcock, who has seen him three times; Attorney-General Palmer, who saw him once; Secretary Baker, who saw him just before starting for Panama; William G. McAdoo; Dr. Axson, a relative by marriage; King Albert of Belgium; the Prince of Wales; and the consulting physicians." Hitchcock must have seen the President three times between December 3 and December 5.

A crisis in the relations between the United States and the Carranza government in Mexico brought the situation to a dramatic head. Senator Albert Bacon Fall had offered a resolution to withdraw American recognition of Carranza. Fall, a severe critic of the Wilson Administration in other matters and a leader in the fight



against the Covenant, was appointed with Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock a special committee of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, to "seek a personal interview with President Wilson on the Mexican situation." The real purpose of this special committee was not to discuss the Mexican situation, but "to ascertain the truth or falsity of the many rumors that he was in no physical or mental condition to attend to important public business."

The request for this interview "had been made to Joseph P. Tumulty, . . . who had referred it to Rear Admiral Grayson. The request was granted after Admiral Grayson had consulted Mrs. Wilson." Mrs. Wilson was present during the interview, which lasted about forty minutes. The two senators "came away from the White House convinced that his [the President's] mind is vigorous and active." Senator Fall was specific in reporting this finding.

The President had received the two senators propped up in bed, his whole body covered except his right arm and shoulder. Mr. Wilson made no movement with his legs during the interview. Neither senator was able to deny the report that he was paralyzed from the waist down. The senators noticed no impediment of his speech. Dr. Grayson had taken them to the door but had not remained during the conference. No one was in the room when the conference took place, except Mrs. Wilson. Wilson jocularly referred to the letter by Senator Moses which stated that he had suffered a brain lesion that affected his mind. "I hope," he said, with biting sarcasm, "the senator will now be reassured. But he may be disappointed."

Some time after the meeting the President told D. F. Houston that he never wanted to hit a man in his life as badly as he did Senator Fall when he called at the White House as a "member of a smelling committee" to discover whether he [the President] was "all there" or not.

"I was lying flat on my back. After the committee had discussed certain matters with me and had discovered, I think, that I was very much all here, the committee turned to leave. Senator Fall paused a moment and said: 'Mr. President, I want you to know that I am praying for you.' If I could have got out of bed I would have hit the man. Why did he want to put me in bad with the Almighty? He must have known that God would take the opposite view from him on any subject."

WILSON'S ability to chat or to be epigrammatic does not establish his ability to discharge his Constitutional duties. On December 7 it was announced that he would not read his annual address to the Senate and to the House, but that it would be transmitted by messenger and read to both bodies in separate session. The December message was the joint work of various members of the Cabinet. But here and there a Wilsonian touch appears.

During January and February, 1920, the President continued to be a sick man in close seclusion. From time to time he took a sun bath on the portico. Five months after his stroke he was said to walk unaided on the second floor of the White House.

On February 10 the Baltimore Sun printed a copyrighted dispatch from a staff correspondent in Washington recording an interview with Dr. Hugh H. Young of

Johns Hopkins, one of the consulting physicians. Dr. Young insisted that the clot affected only the President's left arm and leg. "At no time," he declares, "was his brain power or the extreme vigor and lucidity of his mental processes in the slightest degree abated."

If the President's mental vigor was at all times unabated, why was he kept from all participation in public affairs? If he was mentally vigorous, what was the reason for guarding him so closely from his friends and from the members of his official family?

On February 13, 1920, the newspapers reported that Mr. Wilson would preside at the next Cabinet meeting. But he did not meet with his Cabinet until the second week in April. However, he (or those who acted for him) decided that Lansing must go. Tumulty, realizing the state of public opinion, argued with the President that the dismissal of Lansing was the right thing at the wrong time.

The President sat up in his invalid's chair.

"Tumulty, it is never the wrong time to spike disloyalty. When Lansing sought to oust me I was on my back. I am on my feet now, and I will not have disloyalty about me."

THE Cabinet had been meeting week after week. Lansing claims that Tumulty and Grayson originally indorsed his plan for calling Cabinet meetings. The fact that more than twenty-five meetings were held had kept the government running. Mr. Lansing communicated with the President on two important matters which were taken up by the Cabinet, and Mr. Wilson (or those acting for him) acknowledged these communications by adopting Lansing's advice. Had Mr. Wilson (or those acting for him) forgotten? Did Wilson not learn of these meetings until February 14?

The popular indignation evoked by Lansing's dismissal left Wilson undisturbed. "Well, Tumulty," he asked

smilingly, "have I any friends left?"

"Very few, Governor," the faithful Tumulty answered. Wilson said it would be another two days' wonder. The truth was not very palatable to him. It was even less palatable to those in his entourage.

Meanwhile public business was delayed. Bills languished. A successor for Lansing must be found.

There was some talk of Baker as Lansing's successor. But Baker was unacceptable because his independence in a specific instance had offended certain members of the coterie that was now ruling the country. The nation was astounded when Wilson offered Lansing's post to Bainbridge Colby, who owed his nomination to the fact that Wilson was convinced of his absolute loyalty to himself.

Wilson, or those who ruled the country in Wilson's name, could not brook independence. For that reason House was kept from Wilson, and even Tumulty, for all his faithfulness, lost favor. McAdoo's advice was not asked. But Barney Baruch gave interviews in the New York Times as President Wilson's adviser. Wilson remained inaccessible, except to the chosen few. And behind the scene ruled, undisputed, a woman in purple.

When a Woman Was President of the United States will be concluded in next week's Liberty. Other revelations of the Wilson régime will follow in succeeding issues.

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK—

The Woman in Purple

a continuation of this astounding disclosure, by George Sylvester Viereck, concerning the period

When a Woman Was President of the United States

This is the first of a series of startling revelations of the Wilson régime, based on the correspondence of President Wilson, facts divulged by his associates, and conversations with his confidential adviser

Colonel E. M. House

From these sources, the long-concealed inside story of the war Presidency, world ascendancy, political downfall and personal collapse of Woodrow Wilson is at last brought to light through Mr. Viereck's researches. In succeeding issues of Liberty, his account of the "regency" of the Woman in Purple will be followed by these further revelations of sensational interest:

The truth about the break between Wilson and House.

The crisis in which, with his country on the verge of war with Great Britain, Wilson called the British "boobs."

The interview between Colonel House and the Kaiser which very nearly stopped the World War.

Wilson's secret pledge, given before his reelection, to intervene on the side of the Allies.

The two crucial junctures when Wilson was on the point of resigning his Presidency.

The Shakkled

*From a Bride to a Widow—Jailed as the Slayer
of Her Benefactor—Natalie Tells Her Story to Shannon—
Innocent or Guilty?*

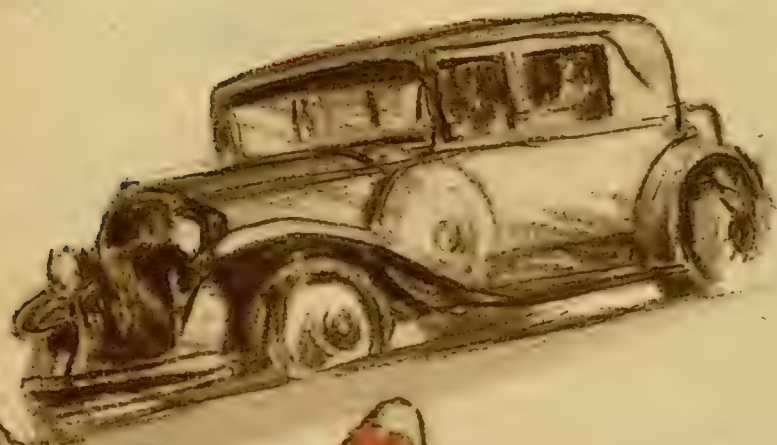
By EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by ROBERT A. CAMERON



ROBERT A.
CAMERON

Cinderella



"It was the happiest moment of my life, lying there. I should have known that God would punish me for being so happy."

(Reading time: 29 minutes.)

THIS is the story of a bride of one night. Michael Cahill picked up Natalie, a girl from the streets, took her home, and married her. Mike had warned his relatives that he would marry a harlot and leave her his millions. That night the bride slept alone—to be awakened by a detective. Her husband lay on the floor—dead.

Near him lay a revolver. She got up, dressed.

An inspector arrived. "What you find, Harrison?" he asked the detective.

PART TWO—STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

ABOUT a quarter past one," said Harrison, "me and Sergeant Daley were pulling a box—"

"Skip that."

"Mrs. Cahill here—"

"Mrs. Cahill?" The inspector squinted his eyes as he looked at Natalie, and gave his shoulders the slightest perceptible shrug.

"Yes, sir. Married this afternoon!"

"I see. Gold digger! Why, that old coot was older than original sin. Go on. What you find?"

"Mrs. Cahill was in bed, pretending to be asleep. I shook her a little and saw she was tied up with rope, but not tight enough to leave any marks on her. It was the clumsiest rope job I ever saw, inspector."

"Did it herself?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose she was robbed of some jewels?"

"Yes, sir. She claims she lost some diamonds and rubies."

Inspector Sichel smiled, lifted up the mattress, and found the jewelry. He examined the stones and put them in his pocket.

"Anything to say?" he asked of Natalie. She hesitated, and tried to speak, but nothing was heard in the room save the chattering of her teeth.

"I must warn you that anything you say may be used against you," the inspector said. He fitted a long, fat cigarette into a jade-and-gold holder, held the cigarette end to Harrison's burning match, and blew out a cloud of aromatic smoke.

"Probably you expect the third degree," he went on. "We don't need it in this case."

He walked to the door and turned.

"Don't move the body until the coroner arrives. Leave the gun where it is. Schultz will examine it for fingerprints. Take the girl to headquarters and book her for murder. Leave a man on guard here. I'll be at the City Club banquet if anything turns up. Good night."

NATALIE heard him talking to a group of young men just outside the door. She guessed the young men were reporters. She heard his voice raised now and then, giving some of the details of the murder.

"Immediately under the left ear. . . . Pulled back the mattress and . . . Too stupidly done to be a frame-up. . . . Detective Sergeants Harrison and Daley. . . . Confession, hell. She's not the type that will confess to anything—especially after trying to make the job look like burglars did it. . . . Sure, he must have been eighty at least. . . . Greedy, I guess. Couldn't wait until he died. Millions in this. . . . City Club banquet."

"Well, sister," Harrison observed, "so far as he's concerned, and the newspapers too, you're already cooked. Anything you want before we get going?"

"Yes," she said. "I want to talk to Biddy."

Harrison turned to the uniformed man at the door.

"Get her, Jim," he said. "You'll find her in the kitchen. Careful of the stairs. You might break your fool neck. Wait! Is there anything he can bring you, sister? A cup of coffee or anything?"

Natalie shook her head.

"You might ask her if there's anything in the house to drink besides coffee," Harrison said. "If there is, bring it up."

"I'm cold," Natalie said. "Could I have something around me?"

"Sure. Will the quilt do?"

He took it off the bed, and threw it about her shoulders. She seized the edges and pulled them close to her.

Harrison lit two cigarettes and offered her one.

"No, thanks. I don't smoke."

Harrison grinned, put both cigarettes in his mouth, and, hearing steps on the stairway, went to the door.

"Biddy!" Natalie cried.

"Mrs. Murphy, if you please," said Biddy tartly.

"You, too—think I killed him?"

"I do. Who else c'u'd have done it? Ye hated him so! Ye c'u'dn't bear the sight of him, and him your husband! Ye made a bargain, but ye didn't kape it like a Christian woman. Ye shot the poor ould devil because—because—"

Biddy covered her face with her apron, and her body shook.

"I was sound asleep," Natalie said. "You must know that. I went to bed undressed. Wasn't it you who put that nighty on me?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA]
Continued from page fifteen

"Aye. But that was hours before he started for your room. Oh, 'twas sound asleep ye were then. That I'll admit. Ye didn't waken at all. Not then."

She dropped her apron and glared at Natalie with red eyes.

"And did I have a gun?"

"A gun is it? 'Twas him brought it to ye, that ye might protect yourself with it. Kilt with his own gun! Sorry the day he ever clapped eyes on ye, Natalie Smith."

"Yes, sorry the day. But may I ask you to do one thing for me? Will you call Mr. Shannon and ask him to come to me?"

"Ye'll have a fair and square trial before they hang ye. Ye'll have all the lawyers ye want, for it's millions and millions he left ye. But it's not Bob Shannon will be soothered into helping ye, him that was Ebb-Tide Mike's best friend."

"But you'll ask him?"

"I'll ask him, but he'll not come."

"Ah, yes, he will."

And the quilt slipped from Natalie and she was not cold, nor did her teeth chatter now, nor her hands tremble.

Harrison winked at the uniformed man and addressed Mrs. Murphy with serious mien.

"They don't hang 'em in this state," he said. "They cook 'em."

Mrs. Murphy raised her hands in horror.

"God save us! Cook a woman?"

"In the electric chair," the policeman said. "It ain't so painful they say."

Natalie sensed the last words were meant for her.

"Thank you," she said. "It was kind of you. But I am innocent, and I'm not afraid."

She turned to Harrison.

"I'm ready."

She walked proudly down the steps by the detective's side.

"Atta girl!" he said. "I thought I'd have to carry you out to the car. I thought you'd scream and kick and bite."

She did not answer.

Malachy McLaughlin waited in the dim little reception room, his hand on the knob of the door. His face was red. His eyes were pools of fire. His hair was mussed. His hoarse voice was raised in a chant that made Natalie think of stained-glass windows, and images of holy men and women, and shadows, and rows of wooden benches, and a high altar with candles burning on it, and people with bent heads and shoulders and their hands dripping beads, and the music of an organ, and the smell of incense.

Malachy McLaughlin straightened as he saw the pair descend the last few steps, and the Latin words he chanted he changed at once to English.

"As an ox goeth to the slaughter," he cried; "or as one in fetters to the correction of the fool; till an arrow strike through his liver; as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life."

"What nonsense is this?" asked Harrison.

"It is the nonsense of Solomon," the chauffeur replied. "He is talking of the evil woman. Ah, she was old even in his day, and is not new in this. Listen."

"For the lips of a strange woman drop honey, and her mouth is smoother than oil; but in the end she is bitter as wormwood. Her feet go down to death. Her steps take hold on hell."

He glared at Natalie, and made little crosses on forehead and lips and breast. Natalie bore his gaze without flinching and passed him.

"He used to be a monk, McLaughlin did," the detective said, assisting her into an auto. "Don't mind him."

"I don't mind anything now," she answered quietly. And in the car she put back her head and slept.

II

BOB SHANNON, waiting in the visitors' cage of the county jail, expected to see an angry woman in a scarlet dress, a girl with smoldering eyes and hot, red cheeks, a girl crying her innocence in a brazen voice. Or,



he thought, she might be a wan and lifeless woman begging for pity with humble eyes. A barred door swung open, and a matron led forward a poised, self-confident girl who smiled a little as she saw him.

"I knew you would come," she said. She gave him her hand. It was warm and firm.

"I came to see you about the estate," he said, bowing slightly.

She sat on a bench, and he took a seat across the table from her.

"MRS. MURPHY told me you would do nothing for me," she said. "I didn't believe her."

"Mrs. Murphy was right in a way, but I'm the executor of your husband's estate. And I have just learned that Paddy Cahill, your brother-in-law, is seeking injunctions to tie up everything, even the checking account. I have no doubt he will succeed. Paddy is a big politician, and most of the judges are his friends."

"I don't care about that," Natalie said. "I don't want the money. Let him have it. I didn't marry Mike Cahill for his money. I married him for something to eat, something to wear, for a bath and a soft bed."

"Then why did you kill him?"

"I didn't."

They stared at each other, the lawyer grim and uncompromising, the girl calm. They studied each other.

"You needn't be afraid of me," the lawyer said. "You



"YOU'RE still the heiress of the greatest fortune in the state—and even if Pat Cahill does tie up your money your credit is good—with me, anyway."

can tell me the truth—even though I cannot defend you." Natalie smiled.

"I am not afraid of you, Mr. Shannon. If I were I should not have wanted to talk to you. On the contrary, you are the only man I know that I feel I can trust. You believe I killed your friend. You believe—like Malachy McLaughlin—that I am an evil woman. You believe, now, that I am trying to get around you. Isn't that true?"

"It is, Mrs. Cahill."

"Thanks. I knew yesterday, when I first saw you, what you thought of me. My husband, the priest, that man from the marriage bureau, McLaughlin, I think, and you—four or five men anyway—were in the library when I entered. I knew what you all thought me. I didn't care about the others, for I don't care much for people. But I wanted to take you aside and pour my story into your ears. I felt you would understand."

"YES?"

Shannon took a pencil from his vest pocket and drummed on the table with the rubber end of it. He looked bored.

"May I tell you now?"

Shannon glanced impatiently at his wrist watch.

"I came to talk money with you, Mrs. Cahill," he said, "but—go ahead."

"Perhaps I am an evil woman. I don't know. I suppose I am. I have had a baby, but I've never been married—before yesterday, that is."

The pencil dropped from Shannon's hand.

"You've had a baby?"

"He died a few hours after he was born. One of the women in the hospital ward said it was the judgment of God against me."

"Nonsense," Shannon said, warmth in his voice.

"It wasn't nonsense to her. Nor to me, for that matter. I don't know anything about God. I don't think anybody does. But maybe it is true that—what that woman said."

"And maybe it is balderdash."

"Maybe it is. But my baby is dead, and I'm in jail. I always felt when I was growing up, that it was bad luck to be very happy. Something terrible always happened to you afterward. If you were too happy over

your new doll you got for Christmas, some boy smashed it for you before New Year's. If you were too happy about the picnic in the woods, it would rain to punish you. I always expected to pay for any feeling of ecstasy—and I've never been disappointed.

"I'm the sort of person who doesn't like people. I hate most people I meet. Oh, not exactly hate. Say, rather, I dislike them. I like being alone—or with someone I don't dislike. And there are only a few people I ever really cared for."

"My mother and father were always quarreling, fighting about little things. I got so I hated to be around them. My older sisters I couldn't bear."

"I was a sort of recluse in school. I had no intimates. I had no boy friends. I could be happy with a book and a bar of soap and a bathtub—much happier than going to a football game or a movie or any place where there were crowds."

"I got through high school when I was seventeen. I was the most unpopular girl in the class—because I wanted to be. I snubbed all the boys who wanted to take me out. I snubbed all the girls who wanted to trade secrets with me. I got the reputation of being high-hat, but I didn't care."

"After I left school I got a job in the library, and I met a boy. He worked in the bank, and he used to come into the library for books on banking and business."

Shannon smiled for the first time since he had entered the visitors' cage.

"And you fell for the earnest young scholar," he said.

"Yes. All the dislike I had for the human race turned into liking for him. There was to me, then, nothing in the world worth thinking about except that boy. He was tall and rather thin, and he was handsome in his own way. He was quiet; never had much to say. He was shy, and I liked that in him most of all."

"You idealized him."

"I did more than that. I idolized him. I was fidgety when he didn't come into the library. I was nervous when he did come. My hands trembled when I saw him open the door. My breath caught in my throat. I blushed. I felt awkward. I had an insane impulse to run somewhere and fix my hair and powder my face. And I wanted to go with him when he left."

"I used to hum all the way home from the library on days when he had come in and talked with me. It was a two-mile walk, but it seemed only a block. On days when he didn't come I felt I would never reach my house."

"We started going together after several months, to the movies, to parties, or just walking along the street or out in the country."

"I spent all my money for clothes—but he never seemed to notice what I had on. It used to hurt me sometimes that he never said 'You look pretty in blue,' or 'I like that dress,' or 'Your hat is beautiful.' He could hurt me terribly, simply by not seeming to notice me."

"Most men are that way," Shannon observed.

"Let me have your pencil and a piece of paper," Natalie said; "any kind of paper."

"Will the back of an envelope do?"

"Anything. Thanks."

She began to sketch the face of a girl.

"My mother made me a white organdie dress for my eighteenth birthday—last June. It was the loveliest thing I ever owned. We went on a twosome picnic the Fourth of July, and I wore the dress then for the first time."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



*"YE c'u'dn't bear the sight of him,
and him your husband! Ye made a
bargain, but ye didn't kape it. Ye shot
the poor ould devil."*

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA]

[Continued from page seventeen.]

She sketched the dress for him.

"That's the dress."

"It is nice. I imagine you look wonderful in white—with your black hair, and your black eyes—blue-black eyes I should say."

"Better than I do in scarlet," she said bitterly.

"You can't wear that dress any more."

"It's all I have. It will do for a while, anyway. I'll write my sister for some clothes."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. You're still the heiress of the greatest fortune in the state—and even if Pat Cahill does tie up your money your credit is good—with me, anyway. I came to say that I'd extend you all the funds you need—and get it out of the estate when that matter goes to court."

"Thanks. It doesn't matter. Where was I?"

"Going to a Fourth of July picnic with the boy, in your best new dress."

"Yes. They were having a community celebration in town, but I couldn't bear it. I wanted to get out into the country, to be alone with him. He hired an automobile, one of those you drive yourself, and I made the lunch.

"We took our bathing suits along, for the spot we'd chosen was on a cliff above the ocean.

"We had a long swim first, and then we lay on the sands, and talked, and sunned ourselves, and when it began to grow dark we built a fire out of driftwood, and we ate hot dogs roasted over the embers, and drank coffee out of a vacuum bottle."

"No paper cups?"

"Of course we had paper cups."

They laughed together for no reason at all.

"It was the happiest moment of my life, lying there covered with sand, sunburned, wood smoke in my eyes and mosquitoes on my legs. I should have known that God would punish me for being so happy."

"He told you he was going to a bigger town," the lawyer guessed shrewdly. "He said there were bigger opportunities there, more money, more—"

"Is it so old a story as that?" she asked in dismay.

"Older than that—old as time, I guess."

"It was new to me. It wasn't a story. It was a tragedy. It was the end of the world. I burst out crying. I told him he couldn't go, he mustn't go, I wouldn't let him go.

"I blurted out to him all my love, all my hopes. And he put his arms around me and kissed me."

"I see."

"Yes. It is easy to see—looking back.

"I hated myself afterward—but not then, not for days. I went to sleep on his shoulder, riding back in the car, and he held me with one arm and drove with the other.

"I didn't want to leave him when he stopped the car in front of my home. I was afraid I'd never see him again. But he was so sweet, so tender, so like myself in not wanting to be away from me, that my fears were quieted.

"You won't leave me now, ever?" I asked.

"Never," he said.

"I went to sleep happy. I woke up happy. I went singing to the library. All day long I waited for him to come in. All day long I stayed near the phone, that I might be the first to answer when it rang."

"And it didn't ring," Shannon said, not looking at the girl. "And when you went to the bank—your friend had gone."

"Worse. I went to the bank just before it closed; and he said he had been too rushed all day to call me. He was sorry. But he said he would call at my house that night. Oh, I was happy for a long time—until I told him there would be a child.

"And then he was frightened. He offered me money to get out of town. He asked how he could be sure that he—and not some other boy—was to blame. He said I must not disgrace him, interfere with his career."

Shannon put his hand on Natalie's.

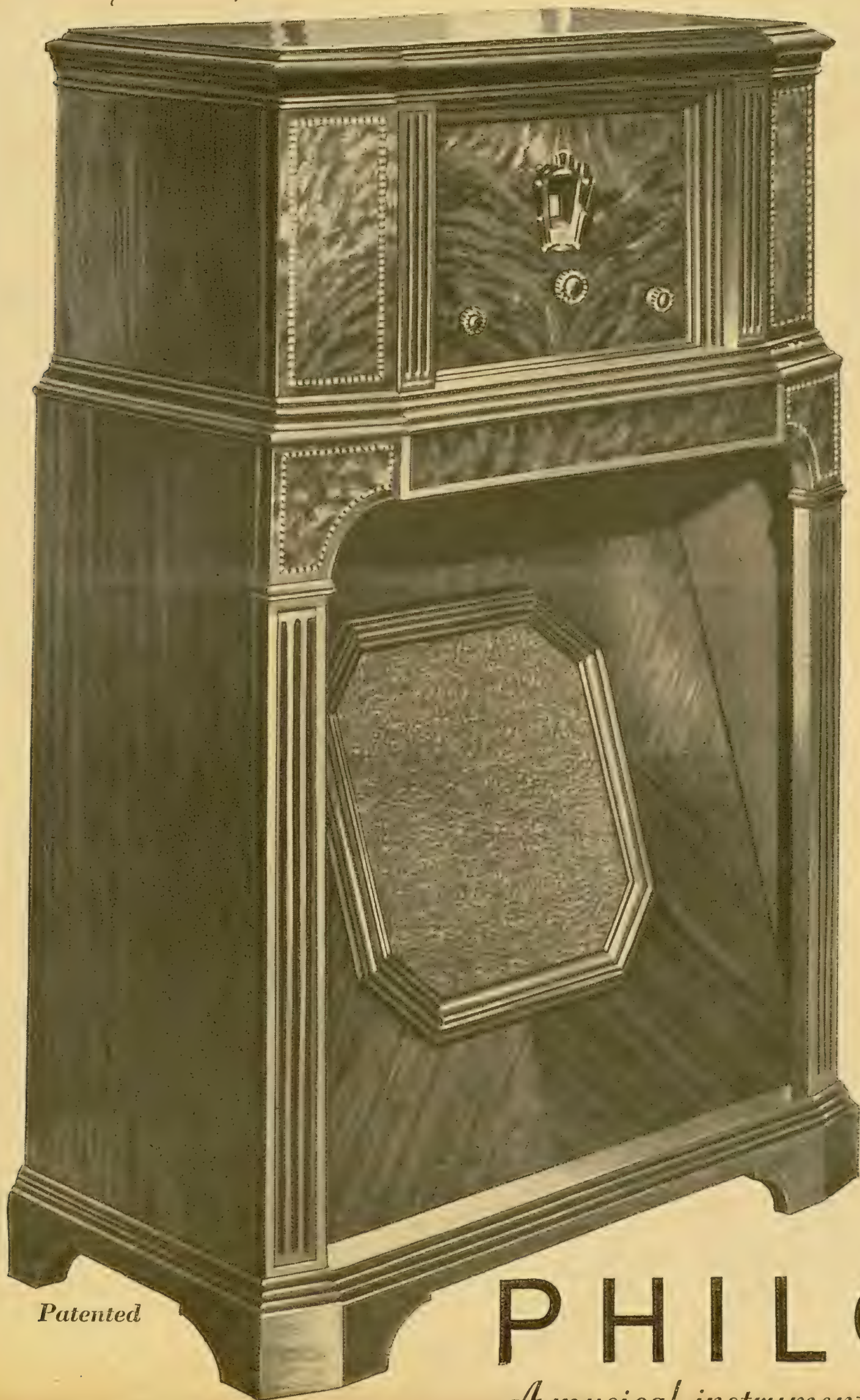
"I'm sorry," he said.

"I told him I was merely testing him. Nothing was wrong. But I had found out the sort of man he was. Then he cried and begged me not to be cruel to him. Be cruel to him! He swore that he loved me, loved me better than anything. I laughed in his face, and I went home,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

The first RADIO

scientifically designed as a musical instrument



Patented

THIS IS MODEL 112X Balanced Superheterodyne, eleven tube, Automatic Volume Control, \$150. Other Philcos from \$36.50 to \$295, complete with Philco Balanced Tubes, including new Pentode Power Tube, illuminated station recording dial, hand rubbed cabinets, and many other exclusive Philco features... Also Philco Battery Operated Radio for unwired homes, Philco Balanced Tubes for replacement, Philco Short Wave Converter, Philco Transitone for motor cars and boats, Philco Electric Clock and Radio Regulator.

PHILCO

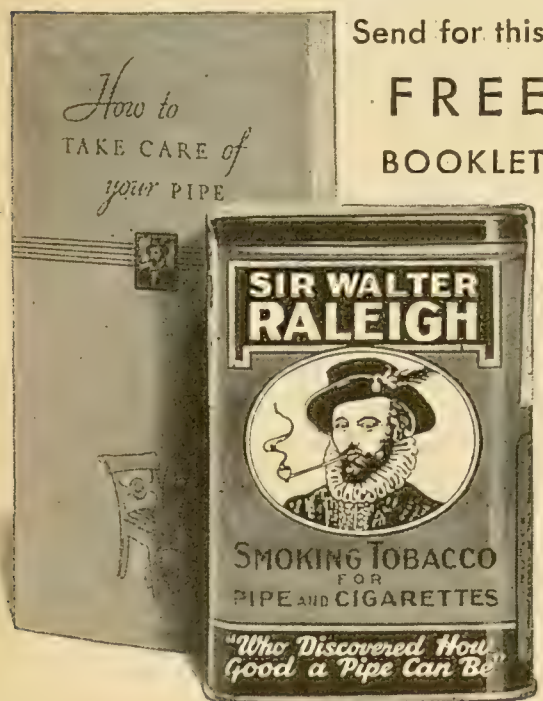
A musical instrument of quality

2 out of 3 have "PIPE-OSIS"



UNOFFICIAL statistics show that 2 out of 3 pipe smokers have "pipe-osis" (the potent aroma of heavy tobacco in a neglected pipe). But the percentage is getting lower every day, as more and more men choose the mild, flavorful puffs of Sir Walter Raleigh. This fine mixture of Kentucky Burleys is a sure and permanent cure for "pipe-osis." Pack it in a well-kept pipe, and you'll keep your friends and self-respect. More important, you'll enjoy the full-bodied richness of Sir Walter. You'll see why it has come into the front rank in three years.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L 22



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA]

Continued from page eighteen

and packed up everything and came here.

"And for months and months I dreamed the same dream. I was on the beach, and a great wave was coming at me, roaring, a great black wave of water and sand and sea wood. But just before it reached me it stopped and towered over me, and grew higher and higher, waiting to fall and smother me. And my feet were always numb. I couldn't move. I couldn't cry for help. I could only wait.

"I came out of such a dream to find my baby in my arms. And I woke out of the same dream the next day, to learn that my baby was dead. He died in convulsions during the night."

"How long ago was that?" Shannon asked.

"Three weeks ago."

"Then you'd been out of the hospital only a week when you met Mike Cahill!"

"Yes. Exactly a week. I had a dollar bill when I came out of the hospital. I spent it on a taxi ride to the cemetery where my baby was buried. Since then I've begged for money in the streets. I begged it of policemen. I was afraid of other men. But I had no fear of policemen. I only asked for car fare. I always got it.

"I slept in the parks. I sat in the parks when I was too weary to walk the streets looking for work, and watched mothers and nurses wheeling baby carriages.

"When I met Mike Cahill I was walking toward the river. The words of that woman in the ward kept repeating themselves: 'The judgment of God.' I thought, 'Well, I am a sinner. I am outside the pale. I'll sell myself to the first man I can stand—and go to hell.' But I couldn't. So I was walking toward the river. I might as well drown as starve to death. And you think I killed the man who rescued me—even though he hurt me shamefully by rescuing me? You actually believe I killed him?"

"I did. Now—I am not so sure."

He looked again at his wrist watch.

"This is not the sort of talk I expected, Mrs. Cahill. I've asked you scarcely anything, but—the time's up. I have an appointment with my fiancée, and I'm ten minutes late. I'll see you tonight at seven."

"Then you are my lawyer?"

"Yes, God help you!"

She gave him her hand again.

"Thank you," she said. "I knew you'd help me."

III

"WHY did I say that?" Shannon asked himself as he sped down the steps to his wine-red car. "I have an appointment with my fiancée, and I'm ten minutes late." Ass! Why couldn't I have said 'with Miss Rollins'? Or just 'with Winnie'? She'll think I was trying to warn her I'm

engaged to be married—so she mustn't try vamping me. 'And I'm ten minutes late.' Who the devil cares?"

Winifred Rollins was in the car.

"Surprise!" she cried when he stepped in.

He managed to kiss her before his chauffeur left the curb.

"I've just had the most amazing talk with Mrs. Cahill," he said, "and I must do some shopping for her. Will you help me out?"

"Of course I will. What's she like, darling? Are you thrilled, talking to a murderess? Is she pretty? I bet she is. Did she say why she killed him? Talk to me. I'm dying to hear the news."

Shannon laughed.

"She's a beautiful thing, pale, fragile—not at all the sort of person I thought her. Her hair is black, grape black; and her eyes are black too, like grapes I

bought once in Italy, black and purple and dark blue—it's hard to describe them. They sort of keep changing. Her skin is pale."

"YOU said that before."

"Well, it is pale. A startling contrast to her hair and her eyes. And her lips are so red you wouldn't believe it."

Winnie passed a lipstick over her mouth, and looked at herself in her vanity mirror, shaping her lips with her little finger.

"Red as mine?" she asked.

"I guess so," he said, not looking at her.

No frown showed on Winnie's sunny face, but wicked lights shone in her blue eyes.

"Is she pretty?"

"Sinfully pretty."

"And delicate and fragile. You said that before, too. Is she prettier than I am?"

Shannon took the gold head into his hands and smiled.

"Nobody's prettier than you," he assured her.

The corners of her mouth lifted gratefully.

"Kiss me then, and tell me I am safe."

"You're a witch, Winnie. You're safe. I love you. You can ride your broomstick in peace."

"A witch is a hag, and a hag is a soured old woman."

"Who told you that? A witch is a gorgeous blonde with blue eyes and a cute little nose and teeth like seed pearls and—"

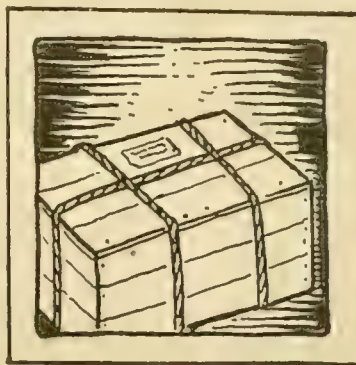
"Why did she kill him, Bob?"

"She didn't. At least, she says she didn't."

"But what's her story?"

Shannon laughed, a little too loudly, a little shamefacedly.

"Will you believe me? I didn't ask her," he confessed. "We were so busy talking that I forgot. But I'm going to see her tonight and—"



"Bob, you're not going to defend her?"

"I am."

Winnie suddenly took his hands and turned the palms upward.

"Witches can tell fortunes," she said.

She was silent a long time, looking at the lines in his hands, caressing the palms with her finger tips.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"Trouble," she replied. "There are two witches there—and one of them is pale and fragile, with hair and eyes the color of grapes you once bought in Czechoslovakia, or Halsted Street, Chicago."

She laughed and shot mischief out of her eyes.

"You crazy kid!" was all he could say; and he kissed her again, but not very passionately. "I'm not in love with her, nor she with me. It's you I want, and you I'm going to marry. But, Win, let's get this shopping done in a hurry. Then we'll have lunch. After that I've got to get to my office and see what the state has against Natalie Cahill. It's going to be a tough job to convince a jury she isn't guilty—if all I read in the newspapers is true."

"What does she need, Bob? Everything, I suppose."

"Everything. Shoes, dresses, underwear, handkerchiefs, teeth-brush—"

"Toothbrushes, you goose!"

"Toothbrushes, soap, powder, paint, hairpins—what would you need if you were in jail and hadn't anything?"

"Just a hat and a coat—and an umbrella if it were raining. And a fast automobile outside the jail door. Honey, I saw the prettiest white organdie in Spate's the other day. Do you suppose—?"

"Lord, no! Nothing like that. Neither red nor white. Anything else."

"Of course! How stupid of me! She's in mourning for her husband."

SHANNON looked to see if there were malice in Winnie's eyes, and having looked, didn't know whether there was or not.

"She's not in mourning," he said. "She's no hypocrite, and neither am I. She's not coming into court in black. I won't have it. We'll dress her in blue, or green, or gold. Gold would go with her coloring, wouldn't it?"

In the department store Shannon called his office and talked to his chief investigator, Matt Whelan.

"Get me the low-down on the state's case against Mrs. Cahill, Matt," he said. "Get everything you can and be in the office by four o'clock. Don't spare the dough either. Harrison will talk for a bottle of Scotch, and the newspaper men around the district attorney's office will talk for nothing."

"O. K.," Matt said. "I'll have everything by four."

Matt Whelan was waiting in the office when Shannon let himself in at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Now Whiten Your Teeth Right Away Stop Useless Brushing!



Technique discovered that quickly removes stain and off-color—with absolute safety.

LIKE millions of others she has been fooled! Fooled into thinking that dull, offensive-looking teeth are an affliction she must endure simply because ordinary brushing has failed to make them white and attractive. Don't you make this mistake.

You can have teeth that others will admire. Just use a half-inch of antiseptic Kolynos on a dry brush twice a day. And much sooner than you expected your teeth will look as you want them to.

When it enters the mouth Kolynos instantly foams into every tiny crevice. It washes away stain and discoloration. It erases tartar. Then it does what no ordinary toothpaste can do . . . It kills mil-

lions of germs that pour into the mouth and cause tooth and gum troubles and bad breath.

This double action actually cleans teeth as they should be cleaned—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. It stimulates and invigorates the gums and purifies the mouth.

Now don't let your teeth look uncared-for another day. A half-inch of antiseptic Kolynos on a dry brush morning and night will quickly make them flashing white and keep them sound. Try it.

**KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM**

● Little Miss ALICE ANN BUTTGEREIT,
of Verona, Pennsylvania.



BABY "WENT TO ALMOST NOTHING"

Then Eagle Brand saved the day!

"Here is a picture of our daughter, Alice Ann", writes Mrs. Joel Buttgereit, 132 Arch St., Verona, Penn., "to show you what Eagle Brand has done for our baby when three other baby foods failed.

"Our baby weighed 9 pounds at birth and went to almost nothing. Then we tried Eagle Brand, and with her first feeding, she seemed satisfied. She started to pick up right away and at eight months weighed 26 pounds and had 8 teeth.

"We can never express our gratitude for what Eagle Brand has done for our baby."

If your baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for free booklet. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare" contains practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods—orange juice, cereals, cod-liver oil, etc.—advised by doctors.

● (Every picture and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.)

**FREE! Wonderful baby
booklet!**

THE BORDEN CO., Dept. A-12
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me—free—the new
and complete edition of "Baby's
Welfare".

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please print name and address plainly



[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA]

[Continued from page twenty-one]

five minutes of the hour. He was looking out the window, and he seemed to be deaf and dumb.

"Well?"

Whelan turned slowly.

He was a ponderous man, more than middle-aged, gray, heavily chinned, heavily jowled, heavily padded in shoulders and legs and arms and stomach.

A watch chain stretched across his red-striped white vest, and a Masonic emblem dangled from it. His little eyes were sunk deep in his head—sharp gray eyes that had seen many things that other eyes had overlooked.

"Bad," Whelan said; "very bad."

"Sit down and spill it," Shannon directed. He plumped himself into his swivel chair, pulled forward a pad of paper, and reached for a fountain pen.

"You know about the diamond necklace and the rubies found under the mattress—after she said burglars had swiped them."

"Yes, that's been printed. And the rope."

"They got her fingerprints on the gun."

Shannon wrote

on the pad, and said nothing.

"The prints aren't faked, either. They're genuine. McCafferty at headquarters slipped me the print taken from the gun, and a set taken last night when they mugged her. I slipped him twenty bucks."

"HOW did she get the gun?"

"He gave it to her. Mike Cahill, I mean. The housekeeper, Mrs. Murphy, says the old man got lit after the wedding. He took the gun out of his own room and gave it to Mrs. Murphy to give to his wife. But Mrs. Murphy was afraid to touch it.

"Give it to her yourself, tomorrow," she said. But you know how Ebb-Tide was. When he had his mind set on something he went through with it.

"Is she asleep?" he asked.

"She is," Mrs. Murphy said.

"And with that the old man went up the stairs, the gun in his hand. It was only a few minutes later Mrs. Murphy heard the shot."

"She didn't run upstairs to find out what it was?"

"No. She got Malachy McLaughlin to open the front door, and she ran out in the street and called two dicks pulling a box. Harrison was one of them. He went back with her."

"Nobody else was in the house?"

"Not a soul. Mrs. Murphy and McLaughlin were both downstairs at the time. McLaughlin was going out to the car when the shot was fired."

"No stranger could get through that door," Shannon said, crumpling a sheet of paper in his hands and throwing it on the floor.

"Nobody but a ghost," Whelan answered.

Shannon began to sketch the face of a girl.

"We haven't a chance to win," Whelan said. "They'll burn her, sure—and Paddy Cahill will have a hand in it."

"WATCH Cahill then. Tap his wires. Shadow him night and day. Get somebody into the house. Get all the people you need."

"O. K."

"We've got to win this case, Whelan. We've got to."

"Yeah. We've got to. They got a perfect, fool-proof case. And all we got is a cock-and-bull story about a dead man killing his daddy—out of revenge, I

guess, because he married again in his old age.

"What the devil would a dead man want to be killing Cahill for, anyway—seeing that he took nothing at all? You know as well as I do she did it herself.

"Maybe she woke up and, seeing a man with a gun by her bed, she sprung up and grappled with him and shot him. It was dark in the room. She had just woke up in a strange bed. She didn't know where she was. She was frightened.

"She didn't recognize her husband, didn't think of such a thing as a husband—Good Lord, she'd only known him a few hours!

"Then she turned on the light, and saw the old man dead at her feet, and she's scared. She thinks the only way out is to make it look like burglars.

"So she hides the jewels, ties herself up, turns out the light, and gets back in bed again."

"Where'd she get the rope?" Shannon demanded. He stood up and glared excitedly at his investigator.

In Next Week's Liberty—

WHY RUSSIA DARE NOT FIGHT JAPAN

The inside story of a new impending peril that is hovering over Europe, and its effect on the situation in Manchuria

By Leon Trotsky

former Commander-in-chief of the
Soviet Red Army

Also stories and articles by Beatrice Grimshaw—George Sylvester Viereck—Karl Detzer—Rita Weiman—Diana Bourbon

"Matt, find out where that rope came from, and we'll spring her. Biddy would know about that rope, or McLaughlin. Maybe it belonged in the house. If so, where was it? If it didn't—

"Matt, if the rope was brought into the house it was brought by the man who killed Mike Cahill, dead man or not."

Whelan shook his head mournfully from side to side.

"The rope came off a box of books in Mike Cahill's room—just across the corridor from her room. Mike took it off the box himself yesterday morning, before he went out in the car.

"He threw it on the floor. Biddy saw it there and meant to take it away—but didn't."

Bob Shannon sat down again, very slowly.

"Good God!" he said. "And the state has that rope?"

"The state has that rope—and it looks as though they'll tie her to the chair with it, in spite of all we can do!"

Whether or not Natalie Cahill can be saved from the electric chair—that question will keep you in thrilling suspense when you read next week's installment of The Shackled Cinderella.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of the state of Indiana?

2—What is a cartographer?

3—What is the name of the President of Mexico?

4—Where is Vassar College?

5—What is pertussis?

6—Who is Speaker of the House of Representatives?

7—Who was Belshazzar?

8—Are bacteria animal or vegetable organisms?

9—What is a villanelle?

10—What part of an inch is a hair's breadth?

11—What is a *particeps criminis*?

12—What acid is to be found in grapes?

13—In what city is the Alhambra?

14—Who was the author of Jane Eyre?

15—Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney are in what group of islands?

16—What is the welt of a shoe?

17—Upon what date does Easter fall this year?

18—What is the name of the fur purse or pouch worn by Scotch Highlanders?

19—What is caoutchouc?

20—What is a pinnacle?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

The Famous HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

in this tempting thrift dinner



This complete meal for 4 costs but 64¢

SPAGHETTI dinners—rich, wholesome, completely satisfying—are being served by smart hostesses everywhere. Think of it! You can place a generous, well-balanced meal on your table—with Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—for just 64 cents.

Made according to the recipe of a famous Italian chef, Heinz Spaghetti is cooked to melting tenderness in a savory sauce of fresh tomatoes, special cheese and rich cream. Even the air is washed in the sunny Heinz kitchens where it is prepared. Extra flavor, extra quality are cooked and sealed into every tin. Ask your grocer to send you a few cans of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti today and try this tasty economical meal. It is sure to delight the whole family.

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti Crisp Bacon Slices

Buttered Peas Hot Muffins

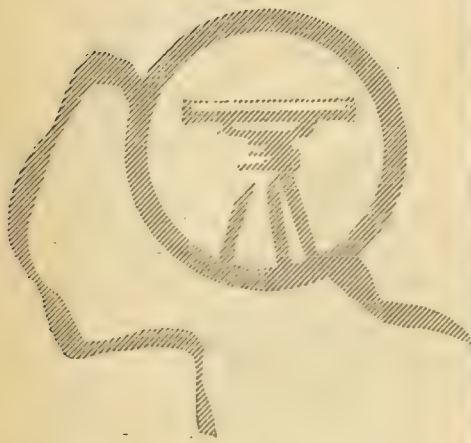
Heinz Grape Jelly Butter Sliced Pineapple

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. • TORONTO, CAN. • LONDON, ENG.

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

READY TO SERVE

HOW Long Could Keep Out of Jail if He



*Not Five
Minutes,
if He Did
What He
Used to
Do*



SPECIAL EXTRA!
THE NEW YORK TABLOID
America's Truthful Picture Paper

COPS NAB CHERRY-TREE GEORGE

Bootleg Big Shot's Slave Den Raided
Five-Ace Mogul Claimed by Fed Forces

Public Morals Outraged, Alleged—Land-Theft
and Vote-Buying Racket—Father of Country
Retains Whoozis & Whoozis

MT. VERNON, VA. (*Special to the New York Tabloid*).—
Feb. 22, 1932. The talons of the law today closed upon a
master mind among racketeers, ex-President George Wash-
ington, known as Cherry-tree George. For four hours Fed...

By CLEMENT

SUPPOSE George Washington were alive today, and
you and everybody knew it. Suppose you regarded
him as you do today, as the best, the noblest, the
purest among men. If you picked up this morning's
paper and read these headlines, how would you feel?

You'd be amazed—outraged—infuriated. Everybody
would feel that way. Why, Washington could *never* have
done anything illegal!

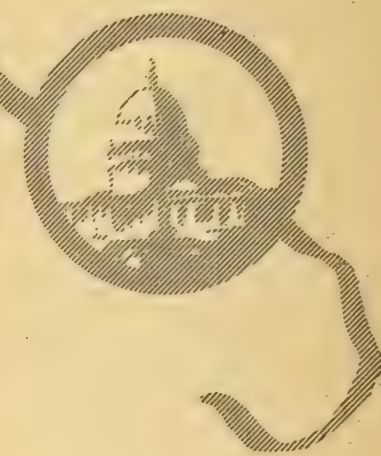
Let's look at just what he did when he was alive, and

George Washington *Were Alive Today?*



Washington played cards constantly for stakes—fairly low ones, usually. At Mount Vernon it was a daily practice.

Pictures by
ROBERT A. CAMERON



WOOD

see how long in 1932, doing the same things, he could keep out of jail.

We are, today, a nation of lawbreakers. And that isn't our fault. It's the fault of the mad Niagara of laws that the lawmakers turn out every year. Most of us violate at least one law a day, and like it.

But surely the Father of His Country would never collide with the laws!

Washington's clash with the laws would begin early.

girls, with too much of a sense of humor, appeared on the scene. They took a good look, giggled, swiped the clothes, and returned to the village—leaving mankind's noblest son without even a necktie.

He got home somehow, the historians say. On that return trip somebody certainly saw him. History does not chronicle whether he went home shivering in a barrel, or how. One of those who saw him today would be sure to be a state trooper or a deputy sheriff. "Hey, you! What the hell you think you are—a beauty contest?"

"Officer, two audacious female miscreants purloined my attire—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOW LONG COULD GEORGE WASHINGTON KEEP OUT OF JAIL IF HE WERE ALIVE TODAY?]

Continued from page twenty-five

"Oh, yeah? Tell that to the judge!"

Scene: A Virginia courtroom. Characters: A judge, an arresting officer, onlookers, George Washington in a barrel.

The judge would have stared curiously at the apparition before him—encouraging, rather than quieting, the snickers and ribald wise cracks from the court hangers-on.

"Young man"—with a portentous frown—"this is a very serious matter. Willfully and lewdly exposing the person in any public place—"

"But, your Honor, it wasn't lewd. Those two dreadful girls—Oh, and, your Honor, I'm only a minor." For, then or today, Washington would know some of the law.

"Young man, we have houses of correction for juvenile delinquency; don't forget that. If you want to start one of these nude cults, you'd better go back to Russia, where they came from. . . . First offense, you say? Oh, well, I've gone swimming myself, as a boy. I'm willing to let you off *this* time. But you get your father to buy you a pair of trunks, anyhow. This is a moral country. . . ."

Back in 1750, the expectant Father of His Country fared better. He had the two girls arrested. One was convicted, and was punished with fifteen vigorous lashes on her handsome bared back. Nobody troubled the young male September Morn then.

Washington kept a diary, methodically and persistently, to the end of his life. This reveals that most of his time, when he was not actively Presidenting or generaling, was divided among hunting, card playing, and attendance at balls. He played cards constantly for stakes. Fairly low stakes, usually; but the law is no respecter of such economy. Do you know what it says about playing cards for money? The statute solemnly provides that anybody who does is a "common gambler," punishable by imprisonment for not more than two years, or by a fine of not more than a thousand dollars, or both!

YOU may think this is silly; but it's the law. People play cards today for money stakes. I never met a bridge crack in America who didn't boast specifically of his winnings; I've rarely met a bridge player who didn't—not to speak of players of poker, pinochle, red dog, Michigan, and so on and on. I myself have . . .

We don't get arrested for this, as a rule, even if the law does call us "common gamblers" for it, and prescribe jail sentences. But in certain cases we do get arrested, today, for things equally trivial and popular. At all events, a drive against card gamblers would have netted Washington repeatedly.

He was always at it. On a trip to Boston, he got nicked for thirty dollars. At Mount Vernon it was a daily

pastime; and he played so successfully that over four years he lost less than forty dollars, after his winnings had been deducted. But this would not have saved him if the police had been courageously directing a drive against card gambling, or if Washington had been in bad with the political bigwigs for some other reason.

And so today the officers might raid Mount Vernon, and bring its aggrieved proprietor to face the stern eye of what is, amusingly enough, called justice.

"But, your Honor! Only a friendly game—"

"This isn't the first time you've been arrested. A friendly game is as bad as any other."

"I didn't know—"

"Ignorance of the law is no defense. You know that. Every man is presumed, by law, to know the law. Even I'm presumed to know it."

"But I'm very fond of cards, your Honor. Everybody plays. Why, at Mount Vernon, only last week, you yourself lost—"

BANG! Bang! Bang! The gavel would pound the defendant to silence. "This is the last straw! It's dangerously close to contempt of court. The court, of course, can

take no judicial cognizance of what the court himself may have done, as a private citizen, at Mount Vernon last week, or anywhere, at any time, when there is no evidence before the court concerning the court's private actions. You know that. I have no alternative, under the laws of the State of Virginia, but to sentence you to jail for a minimum of fifteen days, plus the minimum fine of one hundred dollars. If you're ever brought before me again for—"

He would repeat the offense: his passion for card playing never left him. If war were to break out today, and such a drive had started, either against Washington personally or against card playing, the government would have to call for a dentist to extract Washington from jail before it could put him in command of the army.

We haven't begun to touch Washington's career as a gambler yet. He bet constantly on cockfights and occasionally fought his own cock. Double offense, double penalty. He raced horses, and bet on the results. Single offense: for racing a horse is no more an offense than running a cracker-eating Marathon. He won and lost money at billiards and playing the lotteries.

Cards and billiards they might have overlooked; even gambling on the horses might get by. But playing the lotteries and cockfighting would have included him prominently in *Who's Who in Our Jails*.

Card playing, attendance at balls, hunting. In January, 1770, Washington went hunting on eight different occasions. He hunted not only foxes but deer and ducks. Hunting deer and ducks in the closed season is regarded seriously today. Game wardens would keep their eyes peeled for the Mount Vernon Nimrod.

We're omitting Washington's minor infractions of the law: violating parking ordinances with his horse or his carriage; failure to report contagious diseases to local health authorities; putting an iron "health ring," bought from a faker, on his stepdaughter Patsy, to cure her of "fits"; carrying concealed weapons constantly; notori-



Washington approved of flogging enthusiastically, introduced it, and constantly ordered it.

ous abusive language in public; marking his wheat flour "Of the Highest Grade" without governmental inspection; and a thousand minor infractions of laws and regulations of the Department of Agriculture. Washington might probably obey the law in all of these things today.

But there are more serious matters.

Take the violation of election laws. In 1758 Washington entered politics, running for the Virginia House of Burgesses from Frederick County. During the election he furnished to the voters the following liquid arguments for his election:

3½ pints of brandy
8 quarts of cider royal
28½ gallons of wine
43 gallons of beer
1 hogshead, 1 barrel, and 40 gallons of rum punch

Washington's diary fails to state what the other candidates furnished. But it must have been a damp day. Washington received three hundred and one ballots, and won bottoms up.

Virginia law is strict as far as elections are concerned. From sunset on the day before, until sunrise thirty-six hours afterward, no one is allowed to sell or give away any "wine, ardent spirits, malt liquors, cider, or any mixture of any of them," in the district in which the election is held. Fine and jail sentence, on conviction. For the moment, we'll overlook breaches in the Volstead fortifications here. It's enough that this would knock the Corrupt Practices Act into a cocked brown derby; and that Washington would have served his term as legislator largely in jail.

BY now it begins to be obvious that the best of all possible men would today have a long, long jail record.

And we have just begun.

Perhaps you may think that flouting the law is a modern pastime. There were some laws that Washington didn't think so much of in his actual lifetime. There was a statute of the Continental Congress that its paper money was legal tender for all debts. This paper money had grown cheaper and cheaper, until it was just about valueless. Now, Washington was a shrewd business man all his life. He had many debtors for money loaned as well as goods sold. For a little while he accepted the Continental paper rubles. And then he instructed his manager at Mount Vernon that enough was too much, and hereafter debts were to be paid in real money. This broke the law then; it would break it today. The debtors were pretty good business men, too; it would not have taken them long to get the Federal agents busy, and Mr. Washington would have found himself plunked down in the Federal pen for a lengthy visit.

A little earlier, the King of England had prohibited anyone from settling on any of the vast public domain west of the Alleghenies, or even buy-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

so dainty herself

you would expect her to rely on
the purity of genuine KOTEX

BY ITS very existence, by its courageous pioneering in educating them to the use of true sanitary protection, Kotex has done great service to women. No less important, however, is the service Kotex continues to do.

Nothing so intimate as Kotex; *nothing* must be freer from the whisper of taint. Snowy whiteness alone might easily, but falsely, nourish a misguided trust. In a product like Kotex, only the highest surgical cleanliness is enough. Anything less than this immaculacy in Kotex is unthinkable.

Kotex is Safe

No hovering question mark ... *Where was it made? Under what conditions?...* to mar women's confidence. The familiar name Kotex is their shield against the mysterious, the nameless, unknown.

Kotex, you *know*, is cut, folded, even packed by machine. Made of tested materials. In air-washed rooms. Inspected 76 times during the course of manufacture. When buying it wrapped, make sure you get *genuine* Kotex.



Left: Twenty-four million Kotex pads were dispensed in American hospitals this last year.

Right: You see rows of snow-white Kotex filler when your eye travels down the sunlit length of this room in the Kotex factory.

Never pay more than 35c

KOTEX

SANITARY NAPKINS



[HOW LONG COULD GEORGE WASHINGTON KEEP OUT OF JAIL IF HE WERE ALIVE TODAY?]

Continued from page twenty-seven

ing any of it from the Indians. Did Washington obey this law? He did not. He wrote to his land agent, a Colonel William Crawford—who was later barbecued by the Indians—to proceed into the Ohio territory and “secure some of the most valuable lands in the King’s part, which I think may be accomplished after a while notwithstanding the proclamation that restrains it at present, and prohibits the settling of them at all.”

The government today isn’t a bit polite to people who take over its public domain illegally, as “owner, or agent, or who shall aid, abet, counsel, advise or assist” in this land larceny.

Most of the things Washington did as military commander would be either rewarded with medals or, at the worst, overlooked, due to the emergency conditions. But there was one failing he did have which would get him in infinite Dutch today; he did like his flogging. When he took charge of the Continental army, discipline just wasn’t. Washington approved of flogging enthusiastically, introduced it, and constantly ordered it. The usual punishment was thirty-nine lashes; and in 1776 Washington wrote to the president of the Continental Congress that if he could have only thirty-nine lashes inflicted for an ordinary offense discipline could never be enforced. He must have won his point, for in extreme cases he ordered two hundred lashes. Historians call this action his prize boner, and blame it for the desertions from the Continental army.

Today there would be a summary court-martial for this.

And now we come to the headlined scandal of his tenure of the Presidency. Washington’s Secretary of the Treasury was Alexander Hamilton, who had brains in a big way. He knew that most of the Constitution makers and members of the later government were engaged in land speculation, money lending, or speculation in Continental paper currency scrip. This paper was about as worthless as stage money. And yet it became Washington’s Teapot Dome.

HAMILTON got the bright idea of making it worth a hundred cents on the dollar: both the forty millions owed by the Continental government, and the twenty millions owed by the states. At once agents were sent hotfoot to the remotest parts of the country, to grab up all the outstanding scrip at as little on the dollar as they could get it for, before news of the proposed law got around.

Madison, of Virginia, had another idea: By all means redeem the money at par; but pay the money to the people the scrip was originally paid to, who more than deserve it. If they have sold it, pay the purchaser just what it cost him, and give the balance to the original holder.

Of course this was utterly fair; but business is business, and government was and is business. The speculators set up such a howl that Hamilton had to do something.

He did. Virginia’s delegation wanted the new national

capital to be placed within their state. Shrewd Hamilton pulled a long face and said that, if his little money scheme didn’t go through, he was very sorry, but the capital would have to be stuck up in Maine or some other frozen clime. Whereas, if Madison and the rest would only play cricket . . .

Virginia saw the light, and got the capital. The scrip buyers got everything else: about forty millions in profit on this one transaction. That was a lot of money then; I could use most of it even today. There was a tremendous explosion about this. Historians today definitely

call the whole business a swindle. Today there might be impeachment proceedings started—although they would probably get lost in the shuffle.

BUT the Father of His Country, living today as he did then, would collide with lots of other laws. He owned slaves. He owned forty-nine when he married, all bought out of his own earnings. His wife brought him three hundred more. Throughout his adult life Washington both bought and sold slaves. In theory he disapproved of slavery; but it was good business. When his slaves ran away, he paid rewards for their capture and return.

The Virginia law today prescribes three to ten years in the penitentiary for each such offense; the federal law is as strict.

Washington bought white “indentured servants,” or white persons enslaved for a limited term of years, as well; he bought ten of these, for instance, in 1774. The judge of today would give him a cheerful little earful of sentences for this, with a free lecture on the laws against peonage.

On one occasion the President took a number of his slaves into free Pennsylvania, to act as servants at the Presidential mansion in Philadelphia. And then he found out that this legally freed the slaves. Did he turn them loose? Hardly. He directed his secretary to smuggle them back into Virginia so fast and so quietly that nobody could guess what was intended until they were adequately enslaved again. This amounted to kidnaping free persons into slavery, and would add . . .

And now we come to the horde of beneficent laws inspired in the noble crusade generated by St. Volstead. Washington was one of the best distillers of his time. When he headed the Potomac Canal Company, just after the Revolution, he obtained the concession to distill rum and sell it to the workmen at forty-eight cents a gallon. When he traveled into backwoods sections of distant states, he carried a good stock of Madeira, port, cherry bounce, and other joy waters with him. At Mount Vernon he ran a prosperous distillery.

The year after his last term as President had ended, the net profits from this were more than four hundred dollars, plus a surplus stock on hand of almost eight hundred gallons of hard liquor; and couldn’t federal agents use that today!

Well, now, call in the revenueurs. No tax paid for distilling spirits or for rectifying them. No depositing of the spirits in bonded warehouses. And all for use as beverages, which flatly violates the Volstead commandment. Even the possession of liquor, today, by federal enactment is solemnly declared to establish an unlawful



ROBERT A. CAMERON

Two girls appeared. They took a good look, giggled, swiped the clothes, and returned to the village.

purpose. A fine of not more than a thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding six months, for a first offense; for the second and subsequent offenses, a fine not over two thousand, plus compulsory imprisonment up to five years.

How long could Washington keep out of jail if he were alive today and acted as he did when alive?

Not five minutes.

And, once in, it is doubtful if he could even be pardoned short of a thousand years after his death.

Washington loved to attend the theater. One of his own actions caused the Continental Congress to enact that "any person, holding an office under the United States, who shall attend a theatrical performance, shall be dismissed from the service."

At least that amazing law is not in force today. But the laws passed since! A warning, or more, for indecent exposure. Fine or jail sentence as a common gambler, for cock-fighting, for hunting out of season, and other minor offenses. A long jail term for furnishing liquor to voters. Heavy penalties for defying the national currency laws and the laws concerning the public domain. Danger of a court-martial for the insistent use of flogging on common soldiers, and possibility of impeachment proceedings for many shrewd selfish activities of his official family, which turned a just financial proposition into a swindle.

Mounting jail sentences for offenses connected with slavery and peonage, and with the distilling, sale, and transportation of alcoholic liquors.

This would be his jail record today.

AND getting into jail he wouldn't like a bit. The third degree had not been invented in his time, remember. Brought into the court, the judge would express astonishment at the prisoner's appearance.

"Aw, judge," the policeman would explain glibly, "he fall down an' bump his bean."

The prisoner would already have learned that it would be unwise to dispute this.

Ah, but once in jail he would think he was in paradise! The modern jail, Washington would find out, aims constantly to better the service at the Ritz.

Once in jail today, Washington would no doubt refuse to leave it, even if a pardon were offered to him. Here would be an end of his troubles at last!

He would face some of the laws that had sent him up with a sad shake of his head.

Trouble over bathing without clothes on—over liquor, which every gentleman had to have! Well, the world hadn't got any better; of that he would be certain.

In 1952, would he still be subject to these absurd laws? Or to absurder ones?

What's your guess?

THE END

CAN YOUR SKIN STAND THE

Girls-Eye View?



What does she see when she looks at your face?

EVERY girl is a "severest critic" when it comes to faces and skins. Girls are more sensitive to masculine carelessness than you think. What your face looks like often decides between romance—and indifference.

Don't fool yourself! She notices those red spots...nicks...pimples...blackheads... She notices—and she can't help feeling a certain sense of distaste.

Thousands of men who realize that looks count have found relief from skin and shaving troubles in Mennen—the Shaving Cream that "helps your skin as well as your shave."

Mennen lather acts like a fine skin cleanser. It loosens the pore-imbedded dirt and grease deposits which so often cause pimples and blackheads. As you rinse off the lather you flush out the pores. You leave your skin really CLEAN.

And CLEAR! Clear enough to pass the test of any Girl's-Eye View! No sore spots. No red blotches. For Mennen's special beard softening ingredient (tristearin) wilts even the toughest stubble completely. Therefore, the blade takes off all the hair easily—without skin irritations! We'll be glad to prove it to you—if you'll send the coupon!

● Listen to Ted Husing and All-Star Cast, Columbia Chain Thursday 9:15 P. M., E. S. T.

Free 14 MENNEN SHAVES!
For free trial tube mail coupon to Mennen Co., Dept. L-1, Newark, N. J. I want Original () — Menthol-iced ()

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Pimples and Blackheads
The cleansing action of Mennen lather helps to end such disturbances.



Unshaved Patches—due to incomplete beard softening. Mennen's special beard softening ingredient corrects this.



Rough, Raw Skin—due to razor pull. This condition invites ugly skin infections... Mennen eliminates razor pull.





Pictures by
D'ALTON VALENTINE

DOLLY'S

The Story of

(Reading time: 19 min. 15 sec.)

DOLLY was always being warned by good people who had her interest at heart. Aunt Kate, who occasionally visited the girl and her father, was given to sarcasm: "Why don't you do something constructive with your gift, my dear? Drive down to the beach and take a look at the Pacific. With that as a start you could write a convincing travel book of China and India, not to mention the killer whales at the south pole."

With Dolly, truth was a mere drab beginning; she regarded a simple fact as a sort of characterless bun which ought speedily to be covered with frosting and pointed with a cherry. If, in taking a walk, she observed a car to skid moderately at a corner, she was quite likely on reaching home to give a lurid account of the most exciting accident. And if pressed she would cheerfully give all the sad details people want to hear at such times.

There was no reason at all for her conscience to bother her, since her motives were quite altruistic: she loved to

make life more interesting for everyone. But instead of being grateful for the invigorating shocks and jolts she scattered so freely, people—once they became calm in the light of truth—looked grave and made dark predictions. Aunt Kate maintained that a good going over with a birch switch twice a week would prove helpful, but nobody had the heart. For, after all, Dolly was nineteen; she was sweet and dear and lied like a forgetful angel. Besides, she bruised easily. So there was nothing for people to do but keep warning her against the time when they could remind her that they had warned her.

This event might have been indefinitely postponed if Aunt Kate had not brought Mrs. Harrison and her son



YALTON
VALENTIN

"I CAN'T remember all my wanderings because my mind is hazy. Finally I walked right into a camp of Mexican bandits."

PAST

By JOHN
LEBAR

Lady's Last Lie

Matthew to call. Dolly knew it was going to be a wonderful evening the instant Matthew entered the room. In practically no time he and she were looking at some snapshots taken at Catalina last summer, while Aunt Kate and Mrs. Harrison discussed the Romance literature with Professor Wayne.

BY the time their elders were unraveling the newer psychology the young people were exchanging opinions of the motion-picture art. Matthew, to prove some obscure point, asked Dolly if she had seen the picture now playing at the neighborhood theater. Dolly avoided a direct answer to this question, for, although she had seen

the picture, she felt she ought to see it again if she were to argue intelligently.

Probably it wasn't very polite of them to leave, but the theater was only two blocks away, and the pro-

fessor, Aunt Kate, and Mrs. Harrison were getting on to Freud and would soon be needing more space.

After the picture Mat and Dolly discussed it over a malt, then drove leisurely out to Mirror Lake Park. They returned to the house at eleven.

The next evening Mat called to take Dolly to the legitimate theater with the idea of proving the great superiority of its methods over the movies when dealing with light comedy. They discussed this at Mirror Lake Park until twelve.

By the end of the week they had exhausted all commercial forms of entertainment and just drove out to the lake and talked.

Mat told Dolly how he felt about religion. Dolly had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DOLLY'S PAST
Continued from page thirty-one]

always felt the same way but had never tried to express it. She told Mat how she felt about going out with boys. And Mat told her that he admired her and that all boys like and respect that kind of a girl. Each was a little astonished, not to say thrilled, to discover so much sense and feeling in the other. And they both felt vaguely and a little timidly that all this was going to lead to something.

"Tell me about yourself," said Dolly suddenly. "I'd like to know all about you—where you were born and all that."

"Well," said Mat, "I was born in Connecticut. My people have always lived along the east coast, and though they didn't come over in the Mayflower they came over in a boat just as good. I forget its name, but mother knows. She's pretty proud of the family and is forever harping on the fact that I'm the only one left to carry on the name." He smiled. "You know how mothers are."

Dolly shook her head. "I never knew mine."

"Oh, I'm sorry." It did seem a great pity to Mat that she had never known her mother. But then—well, maybe some day she would have another mother. It occurred to him that his own mother would be bound to like Dolly.

"Isn't there any more to your life than that?" asked Dolly, breaking a long pause.

"Not much. I graduated from college, got a job lined up, and mother and I came to California for two months. On the first of the year I go back and begin work. I'll have to work hard because mother expects me to go far." He hesitated, a feeling of power and ability strong upon him. "You know, Dolly, I honestly think I will be a success—not that I mean to brag, but I just have that sort of inner conviction."

DOLLY was very sure of his success and said so. But she could not put by her disappointment over Mat's life story. It was so tame. Anyone could see that Mat was quite a wonderful person; it was incredible that his past was not filled with excitement, romance, adventure. How else could he be so straight and tall and have such lively eyes and such a vibrant voice?

It was disheartening to think that he could possibly be associated with anything drab and ordinary. Yet, he was just born, went to college, and had a job waiting.

"How about you, Dolly?" He smiled. "Where were you born, and all that?"

Dolly drew a contented breath. Mat was not going to be disappointed in her story. "I don't know where I was born," she said at a venture.

"Don't know? Not where you were born?"

She shook her head. "I suppose it was in Nogales,

Mexico. At least, that's the first place I can remember." She shivered. "When I look back on it now, I can hardly believe that poor, neglected little creature was myself."

Mat appeared surprised; it was hard to imagine the daughter of Professor Henry Wayne as having been a neglected little creature. "But, Dolly—how about your father? Was he awfully poor then?"

She sighed. "That was before I had a father. You see, Mat, I don't know who I am—not even my name. I was raised in Nogales in a sort of dance-hall saloon.

Heavens, the things I've seen! Mostly I was kept hidden in a dirty little room by a terrible old woman who owned the establishment. The room jutted out over the river and there was a trapdoor under the carpet. Every so often someone would come up out of this door, and sometimes a man would run into my room and escape by it. Then maybe I'd hear a shot or a scream outside on the river. One night two men came in, dragging something between them. They opened the trap and there was a splash. Next morning I opened the door, and there, down in the muddy green water, was the most awful shark swimming about and looking up."

"GREAT Scott!" Dolly sighed. "I don't know who my mother was, but once when the old hag who guarded me was in a stupor she hinted that my mother was a famous Spanish dancer from old

Spain. But when I tried to learn more, and when I asked about my father, the old woman became suspicious and refused to answer. But I later learned that every month she received a large sum of money in an envelope, and I think, from the way she used to look at me, that the money was sent for my care. Probably by my father. Little he knew how that money was spent—certainly not on me. Why, I was kept in rags all the time, and the only toy I ever had was a corn cob tied round with a piece of cheap lace."

"You poor little kid!"

"And then when I became older I made up my mind to escape. I planned to hide away on a ship that was going down the river to the Gulf of Mexico. But the captain discovered me after the ship had gone a long way down the river and put me ashore."

"There I was in the desert, miles from a human being, completely lost. I can't remember all my wanderings because my mind is hazy over what I suffered. But finally I walked right into a camp of Mexican bandits. They treated me pretty well, but I was terribly afraid. Sometimes they used to leer at me."

"Then there was a battle with some other bandits, and the man on whose horse I was riding was shot out of the saddle. I grasped the reins, turned the horse, and escaped."

"Late that night I came to a small farm owned by a



Mexican woman and her son. They were very kind to me, but the next morning at breakfast the mother told her son to take me into town and sell me. The town turned out to be Nogales, and the person he tried to sell me to was the very same old hag who had been keeping me. So there I was, after all that struggle."

"My Lord! You've certainly been through a lot."

Dolly nodded and took another breath. "Then came the night when the old woman smiled at me and brought me a bundle. I opened it and found the most beautiful clothes—or so I thought at the time. They were bright and gay, shining with tinsel. There was a Spanish shawl, a big comb, neat little slippers, castanets—oh, a complete costume. Just as I had finished dressing and was looking at myself in the mirror, the door burst in and a man stood on the threshold."

"Who was he?" barked Mat.

"I learned later that he was Henry Wayne, the man I now call 'father' and who has been so dear to me. He told the old woman that he had heard that a young American girl had just been sold to her and that he would not allow it. There was some trouble, but Professor Wayne took me to an American hotel across the line. He was going to send me to the Salvation Army, but in a short time he grew fond of me and adopted me as his daughter. I learned that he was a professor at a California university and that he had been in Mexico doing research on the language."

"POOR Dolly!" Mat's arm was around her before either was aware of it; he held her tightly, protectingly. "Why, it's the most amazing experience I ever heard. It sounds like a movie. And haven't you the least idea yet of who you are?"

"Sometimes," she answered moodily, "sometimes I wonder. It has always seemed strange to me that Henry Wayne should have burst in that door just in the nick of time. In the first place, he doesn't appear to me as the sort of man who would be doing his research in a Mexican dance-hall saloon. I mean, I think he may have had some other motive for being there."

"You think he might really be your father, after all?"

Dolly shrugged. "Perhaps. But, anyhow, he's an old dear and I couldn't love him more if he were."

Mat thought for a time. "Of course," he said at length, "I don't know your father very well—that is, if he is your father—but he doesn't seem to me to be the sort to have an affair with a Spanish dancer. He's so dignified and nice—"

"Why, Mat!"

"Oh, Dolly—I beg your pardon! I didn't think how that would sound. Of course, if he is your real father he is that kind of a man. Not," he added hastily, "that it's anything against him to fall in love with a Spanish dancer. In fact, it shows how red-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



CATCHING A COLD ?

use VICKS NOSE DROPS

CAUGHT A COLD ?

use VICKS VAPORUB

DOUBLE *your* DEFENSE against COLDS —with the new VICKS PLAN for better CONTROL-OF-COLDS

Mothers—get this double defense for those precious children of yours. For your husband. For you. Adopt the new Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Have fewer colds. Less severe colds. Less expense. This plan is made possible by the new Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—a product aimed to *prevent* colds. A companion product to Vicks VapoRub—the modern method of *treating* colds. Here, briefly, is the plan:

1 Before a cold starts

At that first stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, or a child's first snuffle—Nature's warning that a cold is coming on—use Vicks Nose Drops at once, as directed. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2 After a cold starts

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white *stainless* form, if you prefer). VapoRub acts like a poultice or plaster and at the same time gives off medicated vapors which are inhaled all night long.

During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops as needed for greater ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vicks Cough Drops—actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.) This will give you full 24-hour treatment.

Trial offer to VICKS users

You have Vicks VapoRub in your home. Now get the new Vicks Nose Drops and follow the Vicks Plan for better Control-of-Colds. Unless you are delighted with results, your druggist has been instructed to cheerfully return your money.



[DOLLY'S PAST
Continued from page thirty-three]

blooded and human he is—" Mat's voice died away; he was not just sure where his words were leading him.

There was a long pause. Then, as though it had been arranged from the beginning of time, Mat's arm tightened still more and he turned his face to the girl's. "Dolly," he whispered huskily, "Dolly—I—I love you. If you'll let me, I'll try to make up to you all you've missed, all you've suffered, all—" He broke off, for he saw by a little forward movement of her dark head that speech was needless.

Sometime later Mat sighed happily: "Boy, do I feel great! Can you imagine it, honey? We're in love! Gee, but I wish I had been the one to break into that room. I wish I had been around when that captain kicked you off the ship. Tell me some more, Dolly."

And so Dolly told and told and told.

Close to four in the morning Mat banged into his mother's room. After apologizing for waking her, he sat on her bed and talked for two hours about the wonderful thing that had happened to him. She appeared glad for him at first; she said she liked Dolly—what she had seen of her—and that Professor Wayne was certainly a brilliant man.

But as Mat began to go heavily into detail about Dolly's early life, his mother's interested responses appeared to lack something. But at last she sent him off to bed with a kiss.

Toward one o'clock in the afternoon she wakened him and, sitting on his bed, talked to him for two hours. She was kind, she had thought over everything, she was diplomatic, but the upshot of her talk was to impress upon Mat that he was the last of the family to carry on the name and that he could not afford to take chances.

She went rather deeply into heredity, environment, unconscious conditioning, and such matters.

Mat wandered about town all afternoon and far into the night. He did not go to see Dolly.

Dolly sat until ten o'clock in the Wayne living room staring at page 104 of a novel. She had telephoned Mrs. Harrison once on a rather good excuse and had been told that Mat had gone out for the evening. At ten Dolly slammed the book on the table and went to her room. Just before she turned out the light she took a handkerchief from her dresser and didn't even bother to tuck it under the pillow.

NOTHING further happened until eight o'clock the next evening. Then Mat walked nervously up to the Waynes' front door and rang the bell.

Dolly came.

Mat did not raise his eyes to her face. "I want to speak to your father—alone," he announced in a hollow voice.

"He's—he's in there—" Dolly pointed to the door of her father's study. "Oh, Mat—"

He waved her into silence, stalked to the door, and rapped.

"Eh? Come in," Professor Wayne's voice sounded faintly.

Mat entered and closed the door firmly. "Professor Wayne, I want to talk to you as man to man."

Professor Wayne straightened in his chair and removed his glasses. He couldn't exactly place the young man.

Judging from the overwrought look of him, he was some student who had flunked and was bent on homicide unless his examination grades were reconsidered.

"I want to talk to you about Dolly."

"Oh." The professor rose and held out his hand. "Good evening, Harrison. You must pardon me if I failed to remember you. This light—Take a chair, won't you?"

"I'd better stand, I guess," said Mat uncertainly. "What I want to say is—I mean—Look here: I love Dolly and I mean to marry her in spite of her birth."

"Her birth?"

"Yes, her birth. I don't care how she was brought up, or what kind of blood she has, or what kind of people her father and mother were. I want to marry her anyway. I think she's a wonderful girl in spite of the way she was brought up. In fact, the way I look at it, it's all the more to her credit that she's been able to overcome her environment. Don't you think so?"

"Possibly," said Professor Wayne soothingly, with a tentative glance toward the door beyond his desk, "very possibly."

"That's what I told mother," said Mat triumphantly. "If a person is born with off-color blood full of—of inherited indiscretions, and has a terrible childhood among all sorts of sordid surroundings, and then still overcomes it all—well, I think that person is perfectly safe. I think Dolly has much better stuff in her than if she had been raised by decent people to turn out the way she has. But, just the same, it would be a great comfort to know what you can tell me. I mean, if you really are her father."

"If I really am her father," repeated Professor Wayne slowly. "Why, yes. Certainly I'm her father."

"I know you are now," said Mat desperately, "but have you always been?"

"Yes. That is—ever since she was born."

"Good! Gee, that helps a lot! It'll be a great talking point with mother."

Professor Wayne inclined his head doubtfully.

MAT'S color rose and he shifted his feet. "Now, one more thing, sir. Will you tell me confidentially—as man to man—I mean, wasn't that Spanish dancer a rather decent sort? She must have had some saving quality—some—some—uh, didn't she?"

"Spanish dancer?" Professor Wayne gazed long at the top of his desk. "Spanish dancer," he murmured emptily.

Mat waited. "Perhaps," he offered helpfully, "it wasn't her, after all."

Professor Wayne seemed cheered. "Probably not," he observed.

"But, sir—"

"Ah—just a minute, Harrison—Matthew—" The professor relaxed somewhat and regarded the young man absently for a time. "It appears to me, Matthew, that you may possibly have picked up a strange idea or two. I wonder—has Dolly by any chance been telling you of some experience, or reconstructing her family history for your benefit?"

"She told me of her early life," said Mat. "I know everything."

"Ah!" Professor Wayne wiped his forehead, drew a cigar from his coat pocket, and, lighting it, settled easily into his chair. "I see," he announced after a relieved puff or two. "I see. Let's hear about her early life, Matthew."

Mat began at the beginning. The professor listened; now and then a faint sigh escaped him. At length he adjusted his glasses and, turning, picked an atlas from the shelf at his left. He thumbed the pages while Mat went eloquently on.

"Here"—Professor Wayne spread a map of Mexico on the desk just as Mat was tenderly describing the corn-cob wrapped in cheap lace. "This," said the professor, pointing, "is Nogales. Will you show me where the river runs that carries ships and sharks to and from the Gulf of Mexico?"

Mat looked. After a time he said, "There doesn't seem to be any river going through Nogales—at least, it isn't marked."

Professor Wayne shut the book with a snap. "No," he observed, "it's not marked. Shameful for the atlas to neglect a river of that size. Hmm."

Mat said nothing; his expression was deeply thoughtful.

"So," said the professor, "you love Dolly."

"I do."

"And so do I. Matthew, Dolly is a very fine girl. I won't go so far as to say she is perfect, but I will say



that all her faults appear to be concentrated into one. I believe that if that one fault were corrected she would be as nearly perfect as anyone should be. And," he continued, bending forward, "I believe we might be able to eliminate that fault. Did you come in your car?"

"Why, yes."

"Good. Now, Matthew, I want you to leave this room. Leave it in a hurry—slam the door. When you enter the living room Dolly will be waiting. Don't look at her, don't speak to her, and if she makes a rush at you, be sure to dodge." He paused. "On second thought, you might just look sadly into her eyes for a fraction of a second before you pass through the front door. Then hurry out to your car and make as noisy a second-gear take-off as you can manage. But when you get to the corner, stop quietly and park by the curb."

"By that time Dolly will be in here talking to me. I will tell her how you have insulted us all by your references to her birth, and that I have settled your hash definitely. Dolly will break down and confess, and I"—Professor Wayne paused thoughtfully—"and I, Matthew, I shall talk to her."

"Afterward, if she chooses to go to you, I shall leave the matter in your hands."

WHEN Mat had duly slammed the study door, Professor Wayne rose quickly and dived for an old-fashioned chest covered with papers. The papers flew, followed by half the contents of the chest.

But in the end the professor straightened triumphantly, holding a long oak paddle engraved with Greek letters and the numerals '05. He bent a look of moody reminiscence upon this instrument as he carefully wiped off the grime of years.

There was a timid rap at the door.

Professor Wayne seated himself, placed the paddle on his desk, and

cleared his throat portentously. "Come in, my dear."

Mat waited for ages. The stillness of the residential district was appalling—all life was at the ebb; the universe was a dead thing. Nothing would ever happen any more.

After at least ten minutes he became aware of a distant clicking. Before he realized what those clicks might mean, his heart was thumping with their rhythm. He sprang from the car. There she came, her heels striking the walk with quick little stabs, her dark hair in a tumble, her face eagerly turned toward the parked cars she was passing

SHE saw him and stopped. For a moment the two faced each other at a distance of a hundred feet. Mat broke into a run.

"Don't!" Dolly held up one hand; her voice quavered. "Don't come closer. You're not to come closer until you promise on your word of honor. I promised father you wouldn't."

"Listen, Dolly," said Mat unsteadily. "I don't care if you did tell me a—I don't care—I love—"

"Don't! You're not even to talk to me until you promise."

"What? What is it I have to promise?"

"Something I want very much. Will you?"

"Anything!"

"On your very best word of honor?"

"On my word of honor."

"Then"—with a small sob Dolly held out the formidable paddle—"if ever," she began, as though repeating an oath—"if ever, so long as we both shall live, I tell you the very littlest—lie"—she swallowed—"you are to give me ten hard spanks with this—"

There was a clatter of oak on concrete as the paddle fell to the sidewalk. But a moment later, as the two started for the privacy of Mat's car, Dolly dutifully retrieved it.

THE END



"I'm going, anyway!"



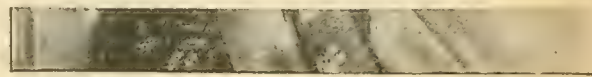
"My headache? It's gone!"



"Mysterious recovery? Not at all."



"I took some Bayer Aspirin."



HER mother used to suffer in silence. Declining invitations because she was "indisposed." But the modern Miss knows an antidote for those inconvenient pains. She just takes some aspirin and goes right on—in comfort. If it's genuine Bayer Aspirin, it can't possibly do any harm.

Have you always Bayer Aspirin in the house? And do you always remember to take it? Two tablets, and the headache that threatened to keep you home is gone! Or that sudden cold that might have spoiled the party.

Has your throat ever been so sore you could hardly swallow? A gargle made from Bayer Aspirin tablets crushed in a little water will bring you complete ease in five minutes!

Even neuralgia and neuritis have lost their terror for those who have learned to rely on Bayer Aspirin. And those little nagging aches and pains that bring "nerves" by day, or a sleepless night, are forgotten half an hour after taking these remarkable tablets!

Keep this antidote for pain handy, and keep your engagements. There is not the slightest harm in its free use. Just be sure you get the genuine tablets bearing the Bayer cross:



Home Life Snapshot Winners—7th Week

\$100 FIRST PRIZE

FORREST HOFF, SR.,
Jamaica, N. Y.

\$10 SECOND PRIZES

Harrison Bickford, St. Johnsbury, Vt.; J. D. Brubaker, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Arthur Buhl, Ritzville, Wash.; Mrs. F. H. Giles, Horseheads, N. Y.; Sidney R. Gill, Seattle, Wash.; Harry O. Gunderson, Chicago, Ill.; Albert Hasenfranz, Indianapolis, Ind.; W. H. Hinton, Oak Park, Ill.; Mrs. Ramon Keyser, San Francisco, Calif.; Bertha E. Staples, Vancouver, Wash.

\$5 THIRD PRIZES

Alvin Arp, Eldridge, Iowa; George D. Johns, Philadelphia, Pa.; Sam S. Coddington, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mrs. L. Colditz, Rochelle, Ill.; Leone M. Collins, Wauwatosa, Wis.; B. M. Conlon,

\$5 THIRD PRIZES (Continued)

Springfield, Mo.; Eugene P. Cooper, San Diego, Calif.; A. H. Cox, Seattle, Wash.; T. S. Daniel, Coco Solo, Canal Zone; Helen M. Downing, Amberg, Wis.; Mrs. John W. Eagan, Edinburg, Tex.; Johanna Feldmann, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. E. Fessler, Oakland, Calif.; Mrs. H. G. Flinn, El Cajon, Calif.

Mrs. M. D. Good, Charleston, W. Va.; Bess Gropengieser, Onida, S. D.; Thomas Hardman, Greenville, R. I.; Dora Head, Peterborough, Ont., Canada; H. Hillbom, Wallingford, Conn.; B. G. Holmes, Pine Knot P. O., Calif.; C. T. Julien, Greenwood, S. C.; Robert W. Kerrigan, San Francisco, Calif.; Paul E. Klebe, Stamford, Conn.; Larry Mackinen, Forest Lake, Mich.; Louis Robert Moore, Washington, D. C.; Grace E. Mounts, Morrow, Ohio; David Nicoll, Toronto, Ont., Can.

Mrs. Henry Pooschke, Toledo, Ohio; Jessica Powers, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Edward J. Pyle, Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Geraldine Richmond, Lacon, Ill.; Raymond Roach, Berkeley, Calif.; Ruth C. Smith, Denver, Colo.; W. B. Staley, Harrisonburg, Va.; Fred A. Stevenson, Portland, Ore.; J. C. Van Meter, Fort Lyon, Colo.; H. Vincent, Timmins, Ont., Can.; James A. Walsh, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. J. Wilkerson, Waterloo, Iowa; Royce R. Winkelmann, Estherville, Iowa.



MEET M and K

James Dunn and Sally
William Powell's New
and a

By Frederic

(Reading time: 5 minutes 55 seconds.)

THERE is a real story behind Dance Team, the second four-star motion picture of 1932.

It is the first success of a directorial newcomer, Sidney Lanfield, erstwhile piano player and jazz-band musician, writer of songs for Fannie Brice and Belle Baker, motion-picture gag man, and husband of Shirley Mason, one-time film star.

Lanfield's record as a director—a short one—reveals such innocuous productions as *Three Girls Lost* and *Cheer Up and Smile*. Out of *Dance Team*, however, he has produced a tender and understanding drama of vaudeville and night-club life.

I cannot help but think he drew upon his own rich store of experiences in the precarious game of amusing humanity.

That Lanfield was selected to make *Dance Team* was due to Winfield Sheehan, who was production head of Fox Films.

Inner organization turmoil—typical of the mad methods of picture making—broke Sheehan, who recently has been

suffering from nervous prostration. Unless something happens, it is very possible that *Dance Team* is the last Fox Film of the Sheehan régime. I am glad to present Mr. Sheehan with the laurels for its success.

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ DANCE TEAM CAST

Jimmy Mulligan.....	James Dunn
Poppy Kirk.....	Sally Eilers
Alex Prentice.....	Ralph Morgan
Penworthy.....	Edward Crandall
Jane Boyden.....	Nora Lane
Herb.....	Harry Beresford
Benny Weber.....	Charles Williams
Cora Stuart.....	Minna Gombell

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Produced by Fox.

Here Sally Eilers and James Dunn, those admirable players of *Bad Girl*, achieve the rarest of Hollywood feats, a big repeat hit. This touching and amusing tale of the heartbreaks of two hoofers, with its background of chop-suey resorts, cheap dance halls, Coney Island play places, and gilded Broadway night

clubs, is based on Sarah Addington's novel, *Dance Team*.

It tells of two kids consumed with ambition to set Broadway on fire with dancers. After a barrage of bad breaks they storm the heights of dance-club success for just one flash of glory.

Success gets them, plays with them, tosses them back to where they started.

Young Dunn is delightful as the cocky, naïve, belligerent leader of the team, generous. Good as he is, Miss Eilers shades him by a considerable margin. They play with such easy, amusing, pathetic humanness that they are bound to win you completely.

There is a superb minor rôle of a great monologist now without work, forgotten, done in finely compelling fashion by Harry Beresford, who, appropriately enough, was once a variety hall liner himself.

Through Beresford, the author and director point their picture of the fate of those who have felt the weight of favor and ruthless fickleness of the great god public.

and
ell in
ure.



Ralph Bellamy, Barbara Stanwyck, and Adolphe Menjou in *Forbidden*.

James Kirkwood, Warner Oland, and H. B. Warner in *Charlie Chan's Chance*.



MULLIGAN RK

ers Score Another Hit;
; Some Misplaced Love,
e Picture

ames Smith

★ ★ HIGH PRESSURE

CAST
Gar Evans.....William Powell
Francine.....Evelyn Brent
Colonel Ginsburg.....George Sidney
Mike.....Frank McHugh
Clifford Gray.....Guy Kibbee
Helen.....Evalyn Knapp
Geoffrey.....Ben Alexander
Directed by Melvyn Le Roy.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

This brisk satire on intensive salesmanship provides William Powell with that long needed rôle. Powell plays a naïve, quick-witted organizer of stock companies whose path is just within the law. His ingenious creation of the Golden Gate, Artificial Rubber Company, however, almost lands him behind prison bars.

You will find his plans, his predicament, and his escape to be highly diverting, since they are smartly portrayed by Mr. Powell and presented in lively fashion by Director Le Roy. Too, you will get a chuckle out of Mr. Powell's pep talks, in which he points out that the world always laughed at such pioneers as Columbus, the Wrights, the Warners, and Lindbergh.

Mr. Powell never was better than as

the glib superoptimist, Gar Evans, blue-sky promoter de luxe, who can promote everything and everyone except his sullen lucky charm, Francine, played interestingly by Evelyn Brent.

★ ★ ½ FORBIDDEN

CAST
Lulu.....Barbara Stanwyck
Bob Grover.....Adolphe Menjou
Al Holland.....Ralph Bellamy
Helen.....Dorothy Peterson
Wilkinson.....Thomas Jefferson
Roberta at two.....Myrna Fresholtz
Roberta at eighteen.....Charlotte V. Henry
Directed by Frank Capra.
Produced by Columbia.

While on the subject of directors (or am I?) I want to comment upon the Columbia Pictures' directorial staff, one Frank Capra, who has filmed everything, from *Dirigible* to this effective study of politicians and love nests—and invariably does things in workmanlike fashion.

This Capra, who is Italian born, is ingenious, versatile, and expert at hitting the box office.

Forbidden is a little too long, but it has old-fashioned emotional appeal. Here is the sob story of a girl who falls in love with a politician and finds out too late that he is married.

She cannot give him up; and so she goes on and on, until she kills a friend who threatens to expose her relations with the phony pillar of uprightness who is now governor.

A lot of this is theatric melodrama, but it is neatly disguised by Barbara Stanwyck, who plays the girl with her usual direct and honest sincerity. Adolphe Menjou, too, is good as the man who takes much and gives little. A word, also, for Ralph Bellamy as the hard-boiled newspaper man.

★ ★ CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE

CAST
Charlie Chan.....Warner Oland
John Douglas.....Alexander Kirkland
Inspector Duff.....H. B. Warner
Shirley Marlowe.....Marian Nixon
Gloria Garland.....Linda Watkins
Inspector Flannery.....James Kirkwood
Barry Kirk.....Ralph Morgan
Directed by John Blystone.
Produced by Fox.

This Chan adventure seems a little better than its predecessors. It is better acted, anyway. Here Earl Derr Biggers' redoubtable Chan solves a complicated murder case in New York. Mr. Oland is effective enough as the great Chan, and the cast, particularly Mr. Warner and Mr. Kirkwood, maintains an interesting spirit of mystery.

Do you know that—

The biggest Hollywood studio set of recent months appears in Union Depot?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—*Emma*, *The Champ*, *Street Scene*, *Bad Girl*.
★★★—*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Mata Hari*, *Tonight or Never*, *Hell Divers*, *Private Lives*, *Sooky*, *Stung*, *Ether Talks*, *Double Decoy*, *Arrow-smith*, *Frankenstein*, *Strictly Dishonorable*, *Blonde Crazy*, *Way Back Home*, *The Yellow Ticket*, *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, *Susan Lenox*, *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, *The Spirit of Notre Dame*, *Palmy Days*, *The Unholy Garden*, *Five Star Final*, *The Guardsman*, *Personal Maid*, *The Spider*, *Waterloo Bridge*, *The Last Flight*, *Alexander Hamilton*, *An American Tragedy*, *Young as You Feel*, *The Common Law*, *Bought*, *Sporting Blood*.

Grandmothers Still Be



Underwood & Underwood photo

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the Governor of New York. Would you have believed her a grandmother?

(Reading time: 10 minutes 20 seconds.)

I AM a grandmother!

Before I know it, I suppose I shall be fifty. Granted that I live the Biblical threescore years and ten, it is obvious that more than two-thirds of them lie behind me.

"Why do you seem young, Mrs. Roosevelt? Why are you still active even though a grandmother?"

The questions amuse me greatly. I never thought that I seemed young nor that I was agile. Neither, for that matter, have I seriously considered whether I seemed old or feeble. I don't think I have ever given all this a thought until now.

Perhaps, after all, this is the secret of not seeming as old as you are. I do not feel "old" at all. I have, however, a great dislike for people who insist on behaving as though they were still children when the years of adolescence have long gone by. So I try to remind myself quite frequently that I am a middle-aged woman, and do not allow my children and my friends to forget it. But, in spite of all that, I do not feel "old."

Long ago I made up my mind that the one thing that made life worth while was to live as fully as possible. There are so many years to be dead. By that I mean to keep in touch with life, in touch with all the infinite number of interesting things that life holds, touching as many

sides as one human being can. To be content lazily to confine your interest to those things which lie immediately around you, and to which the force of circumstances compels you to pay attention, is as stupid as to be content to sit in one's chair and calmly survey the wall paper opposite without even looking at the lovely world that lies outside the window. We must widen our horizons and seek to understand as many other lives as possible; have friends in as many varied groups as possible, seeking to understand the things which interest them.

I have often been amazed at the rich discoveries that I have made when I inquired deeply into some phases of life that were of absorbing interest to my friends—frequently a phase of life that to me seemed quite foreign, or even dull. So profiting have been these excursions in fresh interest that I have tried to make it a rule to have friends in as many varied groups as possible. I believe it is as necessary to have variety in one's friends as it is to have variety in one's diet, if one is to keep the mind active and unprejudiced and retain some of the elasticity of youth.

One of the most interesting women I know has passed her threescore years and ten, but my daughter is as anxious to spend an hour talking with her as I am, and when with her there is no feeling that there is any difference in our ages. We do not guard our thoughts or our tongues in conversing with this remarkable woman who has learned the real secret of perpetual youth. We are as free as we would be if we were discussing something

MRS.

FRANKLIN D.

ROOSEVELT,

Can YOUNG



Picture by
WILL GRAVEN

The Wife of New York's Famous Governor, Reveals the Secret of Her Own Amazing Youthfulness

with an intimate friend of our own age. She has mastered the secret of youth of mind. So many older people who are able to retain bodily youthfulness, completely lose their ability to have any real mental contacts with the younger generation. Their minds have become hardened and incased with prejudices, until only the thoughts and ideas of their own particular time have any value or weight with them. Their brains are not responsive to new stimuli. They have not dieted *mentally* through discipline and self-control. *That* is growing old!

I HAVE often felt that this was the real cause of estrangement between parents and children. Haven't we an obligation as we grow older to contribute to the interest and amusement of those around us—of the younger generation as well as of our own? They may not want to do the same things that we do, but if we can maintain their respect—and I must say I find that they give it freely and fairly—our activities and interests will add to their ideas and broaden their scope and outlook. Too frequently they are more open-minded than we are. It is easier to interest young people in what we are doing than it is for us to enter into the spirit of their interests. Too often the things that they are concerned with are to us an old story; while we have the advantage of typifying their ambitions and of being the center of activities that have the intrigue and charm of novelty to the young.

I have found that young people rarely have respect for

their elders who try to ape the ways and modes of life and thought of a period that they have grown out of. Many of us fail to realize that young people are curious and speculative about what older people do and think. Their concern and enthusiasm are readily aroused in our activities if our own interest is sufficiently spirited.

A woman who, not content to take her color from those around her, develops her own interests and hence her own personality, will have a sufficiently vivid personality to attract the younger and the older generations as well. The woman who has mastered this art of living her own life, of fashioning her own mental landscape, will never be a burden to her children, and in addition will find life so absorbing that she will never be a burden to herself.

There is a very famous and interesting play called *The Mollusc*, built around a woman who is content to lie on the sofa all day and be waited upon perpetually. It contains such a wholesome lesson that sometimes I wish it could be revived and repeated each year. I wish every girls' school and college would give it once a season.

There is no surer way to achieve premature old age than to fall into the habit of letting other people do things for you. The younger generation, who are, after all, our judges, subconsciously place those who require constant service in the category of those who have become too old and too feeble to wait upon themselves.

If this is true of our bodies, it is even more true of our minds. We all know of the insidious disease which we popularly term "hardening of the arteries" and which is the result of the slow deposits, year after year, of something very like cement along the walls of our veins and arteries so that they lose their flexibility and become mere brittle pipes which eventually may be snapped by any sudden movement. I am convinced that there is a similar affliction which will overtake our minds as

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

ICONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINEI

well if we do not keep them stimulated with new interests.

It may be inevitable to have physical infirmities as we grow older, but any woman who lets her mind dwell upon them is calmly chiseling her tombstone. I believe the distraction of wide mental interests is the best remedy for meeting the bodily ailments of old age.

Many years ago I knew a very lovely and fragile old lady. I took a friend of mine to tea with her one day, and my friend, after we had left, said to me:

"How pleasant it must be to live in a city where, when you wish to call upon an angel, you have but to walk around the corner!"

I understood immediately what she meant, for my eighty-year-old friend had achieved a detachment from herself and her infirmities, and had built a vivid and endearing personality. She had kept an uncritical attitude and was able to give her friends kindly judgments, a wide tolerance, and a philosophy on many varied subjects.

Women must realize that their physical condition counts for a great deal in their ability to keep young. Every individual has to make a study of his or her personal needs for health; so much sleep, so much food, and so much air and exercise. When you learn what you need, make up your mind to have it, but, if possible, forget to talk about it. Different people need different things. Some tend to grow fat as they grow older, and others tend to grow thin and scrawny. You may have to diet or you may have to eat more than you want to eat—that you yourself will have to find out.

One woman I know has made it a practice for years to start her day by getting out of bed and standing on her head as her first morning exercise. I personally find that fifteen minutes, with the windows wide open, devoted to exercise of various kinds, particularly deep breathing, will start my day with an exhilaration that nothing else can give me.

I follow such exercise by a cold bath and a breakfast of orange juice, coffee, and toast, which should be enough for any older person. This routine gives me a feeling that I want to go out and conquer the world.

SOME people need six hours of sleep; many find eight hours of sleep necessary. Usually as you grow older you can do with less sleep.

Some clever person has said that most of us dig our graves with our teeth, eating far too much every day of our lives. Some people can do with two meals a day; others need food more frequently. I find a very light lunch, consisting of a vegetable salad and fruit, quite sufficient.

And when I'm not able to exercise a great deal in the open, and I am involved instead in mental work, it saves me from that lazy afternoon feeling that a heavy luncheon invariably brings.

Too many women are so busy training the young that they forget the importance of their own training. They do not appreciate until too late how necessary is their own strict discipline.

If you have a tendency to grow fat, remember the danger signals: a desire, once you are in your chair, to stay there; a certain inability to bend over and pick things up from the floor quickly; and a soothing feeling that it

is really better for the young to run up and down stairs for you than to do it yourself. When you feel this way curtail your food at once, and lay down for yourself a strict schedule of exercise, and take long walks in the fresh air.

If, on the other hand, you find yourself growing too thin, your diet should be as carefully watched for additional nourishment and calories. Frequently underweight people are incapable of relaxation and rest—given to hypernervous activities. Remember that if you are growing older the chief thing you will have to acquire is

a serene placidity, an ability to take life calmly, and you will be contributing one of the most admirable characteristics which youth needs most—an atmosphere of peace and confidence. The thin woman's chief lesson is relaxation and periodic rest. She must learn to put out of her mind the things that fray her nerves. She needs self-control to protect her against the continual shocks and problems of life.

OUTDOOR sport is the modern woman's greatest heritage. Privilege to indulge herself with a free spirit and a free body has been one of the finest achievements of our generation. But women should remember its value, and, as they grow older, should not give it up. Golf at sixty is just as beneficial to women, if not more so than at eighteen. If you rode horseback at twenty, there is no reason why you should not ride at eighty, a little more quietly perhaps, but still quite usefully, especially if you live in the country.

The sum total of a woman's existence is to make life pleasant—both for herself and her loved ones and all those who come in contact with her. To make it pleasant and interesting; to give it meaning, so that the advancing years pass richly over her graying head and she is not too much weighted down by their passage to give herself memories that far outweigh the sacrifices, discouragements, and disappointments that life demands. To give herself, her husband, her mother and father, her children and their children and her friends a feeling that life was easier because of her.

If you desire greatly that those around you be happy, it will give you plenty to think about, and plenty to do.

You will have little time to grow stiff in your joints, or, what is worse, stiff in your brain and heart.

Too often old women bemoan the fact that they are no longer needed.

It is difficult to explain to them or make them see that it is their own failing, their own shortcomings, which causes people to hurry by through their busy days without seeing them, or see them only through a sense of duty.

You cannot give the love of youth, with its heights and its depths, but you can give a wise, understanding, and sympathetic love which will help people to live their lives as they wish—not to lead them as you think they should wish to lead them. And, what is more, you will inspire that kind of love in return—the greatest crown in an old woman's life.

And so age brings us such compensations that perhaps we can always keep young, no matter how many grandchildren we have.

THE END

Liberty now offers

\$100 to \$500

A piece

for **Short Short Stories**

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to **SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

The Racing Beetles

A Short Short Story

By REX REGAN



(Reading time: 5 min. 27 sec.)

"I WARNED you that Igor's morals were impossible," the Colonel said. What of

that when one could reach forty with the impudent swagger of youth which we all secretly envy? Gay, irresponsible youth! Igor radiated it, even to the rakish tilt of his hat.

We were stationed at a little place about fifty kilometers north of Petrograd [the Colonel continued]. It was monotonously dull there, so we bit nicely when Igor told us he had opened a race track at the upper edge of town. We followed him boisterously, tramping up the unpaved streets, to a squat house built of huge blocks of chalklike stone.

"*Durak!*" Bultoff muttered. "Idiot! There are nothing but beetles here."

We were in a large, cellar sort of room, whose sole furnishings were a long glass-covered table, a desk, some wooden chairs, and a blackboard with names and numbers like entries for a race.

Korniloff was pressing closest, and he looked up, convulsed with laughter.

A beetle running around trees is unimportant scenery, but climbing frantically around a little wire cage with a red flag attached around his middle by a bit of thread, is ludicrous.

Each little cage gave on to a narrow individual track, pressed closely enough to the glass top to prohibit the little beast's turning, once he had entered, especially with the burden of the absurd flag to impede him.

We were soon merrily betting.

There was a grain of sugar at the opening of each groove, and the beetles wasted no time getting to it. At the far end of the track were similar cages, and into each of these Igor solemnly poured a drop of absinthe.

He rang a bell and lifted the terminal bar. As if by magic, the little beasts began scampering frantically down the track, red flags sweeping against the glass top. I held my breath in spite of myself when my little fellow burst into excessive speed and tumbled, more dead than alive, into the cage at the far end, winner by three inches!

The boys were yelling excitedly. We had found a real sport to while away the long evenings, and we clapped Igor heartily on the back. He was delighted with himself. And why not? The house got ten per cent of all bets, and once every evening Igor himself plunged and chose with uncanny accuracy the dark horse that would win. Some evenings more than a thousand rubles changed hands, and Igor was profiting enormously, between his single bet and the percentage. Only, it seemed strange that the greater share of the winnings found their way to Igor's pockets.

The thing might have gone on indefinitely had not Marya one night come bursting into the room. Marya was the most beautiful frippery in all Russia, and it was no secret that Igor's gains meant more jewels for her loveliness. She was regally angry.

"So!" she cried. "You stay here gambling instead of awaiting me at the hotel!"

How her black eyes flashed!

"But, little one, I did not know," Igor said quickly.

"You say 'sometime'—"

"Sometimeto me is now," she answered, and swept

across the dirt floor to the table.

She furiously brought her gold bag down upon the glass top with a smash that sent splinters flying in every direction.

"You neglect me for a beetle!" she cried out angrily.

One of her hands strayed back on to the broken glass. Igor's impudent grin vanished suddenly.

"You will cut yourself," he began—when she jumped, startled, and turned to examine the track.

No one moved as her fingers ran tentatively above each groove.

When she turned back to us, her eyes were cold.

"I'm not cut," she said, her voice cutting the stillness. "I am burned. Why are some of these tracks hotter than others? Fools! You not only waste your time gambling. You are cheated!"

Dorensky rushed forward and with his huge strength tore the front from the table. There were electric wires running under each track. It was simple, now, to see why the beetles had sprinted over the hot wires, and how Igor could so well control the winner by making his course the hottest of all.

Igor had the impertinence to grin at Marya. "You are very expensive, my dear," he said softly.

Unconsciously her hand stole to the magnificent ruby at her throat, while her eyes widened as the full significance of the consequences of her exposure swept over her. Expulsion from the service! Disgrace! She bit her lip to steady its trembling. Then she tossed her head imperiously, flashing a smile at us so replete with mischief that she unsteadied us.

"AFTER all," she cried, "you have had a lot of fun. Do you begrudge Marya the jewel you have bought her?"

But her raillery could not wipe the grimness from our faces. To cheat fellow officers was too reprehensible.

But now Marya began to laugh.

"If I could only tell on you!" she cried. "Chilovsky's regiment would never stop teasing you for stupid heads. But of course we must keep this to ourselves!" Then she stamped her foot defiantly. "I shall not have Igor's regiment look like a parcel of donkeys."

She had caught us fair enough. If we punished Igor by kicking him out, she would avenge him by making us laughingstocks.

We were a crestfallen lot. All but Igor. He was enjoying our confusion—the graceless scamp.

She went over and looked up into his adoring eyes.

"Come, my dear," she said. "You owe us a supper and all the champagne we can drink."

"But no absinthe," Korniloff said, still chagrined. "We will leave that for the beetles."

It was the last word on the subject. As we followed Marya's droshky through the snow-filled streets we were singing.

The Colonel shrugged his shoulders and looked at us appealingly, but there was an unmistakable twinkle in his eye.

"What chance have mere men in the hands of a beautiful woman," he asked, "if she happens also to be witty?"

THE END



England is honeycombed with footpaths; walking, one of the best loved pastimes.

(Reading time: 18 minutes 25 seconds.)

THERE really are a few!
For one thing, to understand and appreciate privacy.

To walk—and like it!
To make gardens.
Quite a lot about trains and engines.
And street cleaning.
How to train children and policemen.
And to keep our shoes clean.

Privacy, of course, is the Englishman's true religion. I have always contended that an umbrella rampant and a closed door should by rights be the arms of England. For to an Englishman the closed door represents an inviolable right—sanctuary. To an American it is merely something that you open.

Which is the difference between two national conceptions of the art of living.

We Americans build gardens without walls, houses without doors, apartments without rooms—more or less on the cubicle plan. We entertain in our homes with nearly as much discrimination as a night club might show in the matter of its guests, read family letters as a matter of course, intrude on each other's solitude at all hours of the day or night, and then wonder that our divorce-court statistics are the highest in the world, our social life the least satisfactory, our nerves shot, and our domestic unhappiness so widespread as to be phenomenal.

Our whole social organization demands that we live at too close quarters with both family and neighbors, and

Things We from the

*They Could Give Us Pointers on Trains
Child Rearing, Hiking, Gardening,*

By **DIANA**

Pictures by

allow far too much license and familiarity to those we call our friends.

We must have no saving reticences. And so—individually—we yearn for privacy without quite knowing what it is we want, and collectively we deny vociferously that we want anything.

But life without privacy is life without beauty or dignity. It isn't natural. It isn't civilized. For that matter, it isn't even natively American. Or "didn't used to be." To this day, in parts of the South (where I come from) and among some of the older, wider-spaced communities, life still has grace and graciousness. But for the most part, in replacing a whole generation of the pick of our manhood (lost in the Civil War) with inferior imports from the most inferior European stocks, we have made the mistake of allowing those imports to mold our civilization.

Imposing upon our own infinitely better structure the social life and habits of the peasant.

A little while ago a couple I know were hunting a furnished apartment in New York. They wanted two bedrooms and a living room, and acknowledged that it was just for themselves.

Real estate agent after real estate agent, janitor after janitor, looked them up and down and with bland assurance tried to sell them the idea of *one* bedroom and *et ceteras*.

"What you want with *two* rooms? Plenty of space here. Look at the closets."

Sometimes it was, even: "You don't need *two* beds; this is a large size."

At last the wife set her teeth, and, fixing the agent of the moment with an icy stare: "This gentleman is my *brother*," she lied. "And it is quite impossible for us to share a room."

A moment, the perfect salesman was crushed. Then the obvious solution popped into his ready mind. "Make



The English could teach us

Could Learn ENGLISH

*and Travel, Street Cleaning, Shoe Shining,
and Privacy—or Could They?*

BOURBON

B. LATHAM KIDDER

him a bed on the sitting-room couch," he suggested brightly.

And, in common with a few million other New Yorkers—inhabitants of the coyote holes no sane person could dignify with the name of "home"—he thought that a really acceptable way to live.

Last year a family of my European friends bought a house on Long Island. They proceeded to erect a garden wall, and found themselves socially ostracized. Pariahs! They wanted, not unnaturally, to have their own garden to play or lounge in without providing a free show from the street or their neighbors' porches, and for this civilized point of view (brought with them ready-made from their own continent) were voted "high-hat"!

High-hat is a phrase we tack on to all sorts of things we find it more convenient to jeer at than to live up to. Standards, for instance. Standards of almost all kinds.

We practically haven't any; make it a fetish to be without them (the peasant peeping out again!). And then congratulate ourselves, saying that at least we aren't hypocrites.

Sounds swell in theory. But look round on the practice. Farmyard manners and morals and the respect for law

of the jungle. Maybe the English are right, after all. Believing that standards, even accompanied by hypocrisy, are better than no hypocrisy if, to achieve it, you must also do without the standards.

A lesson we may learn when we're older and have stopped making little-boy noises like "high-hat" and little-boy faces like living in cubicles!

Meanwhile we believe in ourselves, and harassed husband after nervy wife have confided to me, not once but a hundred times, the same thing: that the terrible publicity of existence considered desirable in this coun-



"Bobby" has mastered the fact that violence begets violence, and ill-temper ill-temper.

try today, coupled with the eternal closeness of even the best beloved, wears them down in time. They would be so much happier if they weren't always on exhibit to the neighborhood. So much more ecstatically fond of darling Belle or dear Henry if they weren't forever falling over them in the home.

YET we go on building wall-less houses with community lawns; and portières instead of solid wooden doors; and chains and chains of interconnecting rooms having no sense of security and no individual entrances. The English custom, which was once our custom too (as witness the internal anatomy of the rapidly disappearing old "brownstone fronts"), the English custom, I say, of separate dressing rooms, of "dens," and boudoirs, and the whole jealous system of individual life, by which privacy and a sense of charm may be preserved in spite of a family—we score off as not worth bothering about by anyone under the dollar rank of millionaire.

Privacy!

Why, I've seen American mothers and American wives by the dozen read their family's correspondence as a matter of course.

Intolerable piece of snoopiness from which we have to protect ourselves by means of scenes and declarations of independence that ought to be unnecessary. But just picture the consternation in an *English* home if any inmate so far forgot the dictates of good manners!

"What can you have to conceal from mother, darling?" Or from Arthur, or Madge, or what have you? Futile argument! Why should there be anything to conceal?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



to make and love gardens.



For Soft White Arms, Hands, Shoulders

You must know this new, easy way to have soft, smooth, white shoulders, arms, neck and hands, if you want to look your best in evening dresses. After each washing simply rub in a few drops of lotion containing Sea Moss. Sea Moss is a noted whitener and softener.

Nepto Lotion combines sea moss with other soothing ingredients in just the right proportions. It quickly makes the roughest, driest skin soft, smooth and white. Contains no grease to clog the pores, is not sticky—rubs in quickly and smoothly, so you can powder right over it. At all drug and department stores 50c, or send coupon for free trial size.

NEPTO LOTION

E. L. Patch Co., Dept. 24, L-220
Stoughton P. O., Boston, Mass.

Please send free trial size bottle of
NEPTO LOTION.

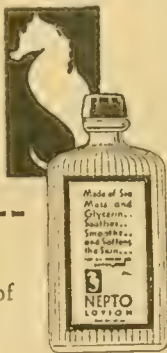
Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

NEW!

Nepto Cream—50c—reduces large pores.
Nepto Face Powder—50c—finer texture—
clings hours longer.



FREE
TRIAL

WELDONA TABLETS

On sale at drug stores from coast to coast.
24 page fully illustrated book "History of
Rheumatism" with chapter describing germs of
rheumatism sent free upon request. Write to

WELDONA CORPORATION
Atlantic City, N. J. Dept. L-7, Montreal, Can.

LUCKY TIGER

A Proven Germicide!



For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky
Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin,
falling hair a new life and lustre.
Delicately perfumed and world's
largest seller at Druggists, Bar-
ber Shops and Beauty Parlors.

TRY IT TODAY!

[THINGS WE COULD LEARN FROM THE ENGLISH]

Continued from page forty-three

Are we, as a race, so uncivilized or un-
adult that we can't respect a desire for
privacy without automatically asso-
ciating it with something underhand?

That's *one* thing we could learn
from the English. How to walk is
another.

I vow at the moment we're peri-
ously close to losing the use of our
lower limbs altogether! All we need
is a few more motor cars, and just a
slightly larger Sunday newspaper,
and we probably won't grow legs at
all. Haven't you
noticed that
masses of us are
already getting
shorter and short-
er legged in pro-
portion to the size
of body? Look
next time you go
out. It's bad, too.
Sign of degener-
acy.

We need to walk!

At present anyone
who does is re-
garded as an ec-
centric. Dash
round Central
Park and you at-
tract more atten-
tion than the Akron. Stride up the
avenue, and your friends trail along
half a block behind you emitting cries
of pain.

The other day I went for a brisk
walk with a visiting and distinguished
English author. And I can't—yet—
make up my mind whether we aroused
more interest along our route of march
or at the cocktail party we subse-
quently visited. The interest reserved
to freaks, of course, in both places.

Ever tried to take a country ramble
in this beautiful land of ours? Avoid
the concrete and you can have one
lovely time climbing barbed wire and
bramble bushes, and getting run off
for trespassing.

Give up the brambles and you'll get
all the sweet-smelling motor exhaust
and dust you want along the concrete,
with the added excitement of a possi-
bility of being run down.

ENGLAND (with all her loveliness,
not half so lovely as our own
illimitable, untamed countryside) is
honeycombed with footpaths; walk-
ing, one of the healthiest and best
loved pastimes of her population. Nor
is the question of relative size an an-
swer. You could pop England down
in the middle of Texas and lose her
for a week, granted.

But England is honeycombed with
footpaths because her populace likes
walking. And here you won't find
anyone but a professional hobo walk-
ing within a mile radius of even a
populous town.

Europeans, even the Germans (who
hike in a big way when they're at
home in Deutschland, and only get fat

in spite of it because at the end of
every German walk there's something
to eat), Europeans, I say, are a two-
legged race. We're a four-wheeled
one.

Just bums, darn us, sitting at home
inventing things like miniature golf
and the comic sections as an excuse
for not using the legs we were born
with the way they are meant to be
used. And then, like hypocrites, pre-
tending to find walking dull when
we've never tried it!

I SAY, too, that the English could
teach us to make and love gardens.
But on that score I had a pitched

battle with a fel-
low American only
the other day. *He*
maintains gardens
are one lesson
we've already
learned from our
cousins across the
sea, and cites a
list of garden
spots dotted across
our vast country-
side (too vast for
anyone to *think* of
cultivating it
whole for another
few centuries) in
proof of his con-
tention.

I doubt it, re-
membering hundreds of suburban
back yards blooming principally with
empty tin cans.

But that's one of those things no
two people see eye to eye on. So I'll
just hurl you this challenge: We
Americans will spend a fortune on the
radio and the bathroom; keep a car
we oughtn't for a moment to afford;
and buy jewelry on the installment
plan; but when it comes to grooming
the back yard we have all the refined
instincts of the squatter—laziness,
shiftlessness, and unenterprise!

Now go ahead—shoot!

In England, from the one-room
tenement with its flowering window
box and the middle-class home whose
rose arbor is its pride and affectation,
to the ancestral castle whose owner
can no longer afford to be its occu-
pant, the garden is a sort of social
reference, telling every passer whether
you're "all right," or by no means
what you ought to be! I can't help
remembering a home I visited on our
own west coast last year, where there
were five grown sons—all, as it hap-
pened, out of a job—and not one of
them would cut the grass or weed the
flower beds.

The English have better trains than
we do. Yes, I hear the howls of rage
going up. And better engines. The
latter specially remarkable. Half the
size of ours ("toy engines," I've heard
them called by visiting Americans),
doing as much work better, as fast,
and with less fuss.

Marvels of engineering. But don't
let's get technical. Better trains, I said.



And trains is what I meant.

Not better roadbeds. They have those, but how can we hope to emulate their miniature perfection with our full size, still underpopulated countryside and violent extremes of climate? Not better food. Theirs is execrable, though it costs less than that obtainable in the dens of highway robbery we call restaurant cars. But better trains.

To begin with, for the price of a lower berth in the monstrous American sleeping car you can secure a whole individual compartment in England, complete with washing paraphernalia, bed (*sans* upper berth), window, and a door that bolts.

You can—eschewing the disgusting promiscuity of our train dressing rooms, than which there is no greater abomination—sit, sleep, smoke, and make your ablutions *by yourself*.

Privacy again, you see. I tremble to think what would happen if the London & Northwestern suddenly put on a trainful of American sleepers for the jump to Scotland; but remembering the comments of English actors touring this country, I can very well imagine!

They're cleaner, too; better kept; more comfortably cushioned and lavishly designed. Oh, the trains, I mean!

All public conveyances are cleaner over there. Busses, street cars—they're carefully dusted daily. Strange custom I'd like to recommend to our own street-car companies, but that the cars might suffer instant disintegration from shock.

So are their streets. Clean.

For one thing, garbage and refuse cans are in no circumstances allowed to stand on the street. I once lived in an American metropolis, which shall be nameless, where the garbage was collected between two and five in the afternoons, and till then decorated the avenues of the classiest residential districts, adding tone and local color to the scene.

In backward Paris the street-cleaning department finishes all its work *before breakfast time!*

BUT to return to England. It is the custom there when the telephone company, the gas company, or the water board have torn up some street for sinister purposes of its own, to repair and resmooth the surface the minute they have finished. But the *minute!* We Americans, who maintain the finest motoring roads in the world, over the largest area, will, on the other hand, tolerate the most amazing frontier-town conditions in the streets of our big cities that you could discover anywhere. Even in Spain.

At this moment the street immediately behind where I live, in the center of New York, looks like a miniature earthwork. But it is open to traffic, and traffic has been bumping over it for weeks. Perhaps in pursuit of the pre-Mussolini Italian policy that if you dumped enough material into any roadway, given time, the traffic would pound it down for you.

There's been a pothole six inches deep and about four feet in diameter in mid-Fifth Avenue for months, and in almost every road leading from the North River piers. In other words, every road that gives the foreigner his first introduction to this country has a surface that could bear witness to recent bombardment if you wanted it to!

Why the English should be so particularly good with children and policemen is one of the minor mysteries. Perhaps because they're less haphazard about it than we are, applying the same methods in both cases. (Discipline, discipline, and again discipline.) Perhaps because they have—as a race—a great appreciation of the commercial value of politeness.

It's not enough, with them, to have had a child. You also bring it up! It's not enough to have "made" the force. You've got, which is just as hard, to stay on it!

English children, as a rule, are curiously unenterprising; less obstreperous than ours by a long way. But also they're *one thousand* per cent better behaved and better

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Boots Mallory
of the Ziegfeld Folies



the CHARM of lovely hair

Nothing contributes more to the picture of loveliness than soft, lustrous hair. You know yourself how much better you look and feel when your hair falls exactly right. If you want to put new life into your hair, try this before your next shampoo: Apply a small quantity of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp and massage with a rotary motion. Proper stimulation wakes up the tiny blood vessels that feed the hair roots. The Tonic softens and removes dust and dandruff that clog the pores, and deposits just the right amount of oil on the scalp. Shampoo as usual. If you can leave the Tonic on overnight, so much the better. This simple treatment, used regularly, keeps your hair and scalp in perfect condition.



TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN'
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE
NBC COAST-TO-COAST BLUE NETWORK
9 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1932



YOUR FACE IS A
NETWORK OF PORES FILLED
WITH

Grime & DIRT

YOU think you can wash your face clean?

All right. Try this! Wash your face. Several times. . . . A dozen times. It *should* be clean. Now rub some Pompeian Massage Cream into the pores, around the nose, the chin, the forehead. Keep rubbing, until it begins to *roll out*. It's no longer the rosy pink cream which went in. It's gray with dirt from your pores!

Look in your mirror. If you thought your face was clean before, look at it now! It glows with the clear healthy color of an athlete in condition. Gone is the dirt that keeps your pores from breathing. The dirt that forms a breeding ground for blackheads and blemishes.

Give yourself a Pompeian Massage regularly or have your barber give you one. Pompeian Massage Cream can be bought at any drug store or toilet goods counter in U. S. or Canada for only 60c the jar. The Pompeian Co. Sales Representative—Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York

INSIST ON THE GENUINE
POMPEIAN
PINK
MASSAGE Cream



Allen's Foot-Ease

SHAKE IT INTO YOUR SHOES
Makes new or tight shoes feel easy. Soothes tired, aching feet and stops the pain of corns, bunions and calluses. For Free Sample and Walking Doll, address

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, LE ROY, N. Y.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

THINGS WE COULD LEARN FROM THE ENGLISH

Continued from page forty-five

looked after. They don't play in the streets for want of someone to take them to the parks. They don't spend hours riding up and down in the hotel elevator, talking to the bell boys, because their families can't be bothered to find a healthier occupation for them. They don't answer back or "cheek" their parents in public. They don't remain seated in the subway while their elders of either sex stand.

If I had a dollar for every time I've blushed with shame, in Europe, over the behavior of some American child (whom I devoutly and vainly hoped the Europeans weren't noticing as closely as I was), I'd be a millionaire today. But the fault lies, of course, not with those healthy little animals, the children themselves, but with the silly, ineffectual parents who won't take time and trouble from their own amusements to control them.

I have met well behaved American kids, both here and abroad. (And I distinctly remember that, superficially, at any rate, I was one myself. Ruled with an iron hand!) But they're in the minority. Due to sheer parental laziness. *Peasant* laziness again. It's so much easier to give in than it is to govern.

It's so much easier, too, to bully than it is to stand authority without letting it go to one's head. Wherein lies, to my mind, the main difference between the English policeman and our own.

Over there they have a theory that no one can possibly be capable of command till he has learned to obey; and that those who can't control themselves are certainly not fitted to control others.

IF an English bobby made a practice of addressing real criminals as our cops do decent citizens guilty of, say, some minor traffic offense, the criminal would probably faint from sheer amazement, and the bobby's life in the force would certainly be short. Self-control is their first essential. And they have no room for bullies. That's why your English policeman goes unarmed; sure of the coöperation (active if need be) of practically the whole community. That's why the whole community regards him as its best friend.

Once I saw a London policeman on point duty run down by a motor car. It was an accident pure and simple, due to a roadway slippery as ice. But the driver was nearly mobbed by infuriated passers-by, and saved only by the presence of mind of the cop.

He sat up in the roadway, broken legs and all, and directed the crowd to keep back. They did.

People say, whenever you trot out this argument, that the English are a much more docile and orderly people than ours. They're not so mongrel, certainly; but the rest is nonsense. A criminal is a criminal wherever he hails from. And I, who've seen it, can tell you that an English mob, out of hand and roused to boiling point, is as ugly as anything out of the French Revolution, and very hard to distract.

THEY have the habit of obedience, yes. Not because they're more saintlike than the rest of us, but because trouble-making brings a swift reward and they know it. Their robbers usually don't shoot, for the same reason.

Even being caught with a gun *on* one (much less having used it) automatically earns a heavier sentence.

And justice, which is incorruptible, moves quickly enough to appeal to the imagination.

But I firmly believe one of the main reasons for English orderliness is genuine English liking for their good-humored, polite, efficient police force. "Bobby" has mastered the fact that violence begets violence, and ill-temper ill-temper.

If you resort to the blackjack and the third degree you're descending to the level of the criminal himself (as well as laying up a dangerous enemy for the time when he's able to hit back). And if you habitually speak to the community you're supposed to serve in a tone that ought to be resented by a Nubian slave, you certainly can't count on its friendship or assistance if you should ever need it.

Then, too, it's against British etiquette in any walk of life to harry those who can't answer you back. I've heard

police officers in New York speak to taxi drivers, for instance, in a manner that brought out the primeval devil in me—a mere spectator.

What would have happened on at least two of these occasions had I been armed with a nice long horse-whip, I wouldn't like to imagine—and I'm supposed to be a civilized person.

What sort of effect, then, do you suppose that this cheap brutality has on the criminally inclined, the immigrant, the undereducated and uncontrolled?

Such an incident as the shooting out of hand of the taxi driver in a recent Bronx holdup and chase would have been impossible in England.



If it had been impossible here, our police force would have had one less black mark to struggle against in its very uphill battle for the confidence and esteem of the community.

And finally, not to be so serious, I do wish our entire male population could pay a visit to England and learn to keep its shoes clean!

Of all the slovenly tricks, running around with dusty, dirty, cracked, and peeling shoes crying aloud for a little polish is the worst. I'd as soon go out without my face washed. But over here successful business men, executives, important people, will turn up with feet that ought to disgrace a longshoreman. They wouldn't wear a frayed collar, but they think shoes don't show!

Poor economy, too. Unpolished leather wears out about eight times as fast. Once-a-week cleaning isn't enough. Every-other-day cleaning isn't enough. Or, do you, all of you, shave only every other day?

Once an American who ought to know better complained to me that there were no shoe-shining parlors in England. "Of course not," I replied. "Over there everyone has his shoes shined at home—where they ought to be."

And wouldn't think of going out till they *were* cleaned, either, even if he had to do the cleaning himself—as in these servantless days people frequently do.

Dirty shoes often seem to me to be the symbol of some small, unclassified *slovenliness of mind* in us Americans. It's a depressing fact that all over our country, east, west, north, south, whether he has acquired our accent or not, *you can always tell a Britisher by his shoes!*

This comparison of English ways with ours will be continued in next week's Liberty, in an article entitled Things the English Can Learn from Us.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

- 1—Indianapolis.
- 2—A maker of charts or maps.
- 3—Pascual Ortiz Rubio.
- 4—In Poughkeepsie, New York.
- 5—Whooping cough.
- 6—John N. Garner, of Texas.
- 7—The last king of Israel.
- 8—Vegetable organisms.
- 9—A poem in a French verse form, typically of nineteen lines.
- 10—One forty-eighth.
- 11—An accomplice.
- 12—Tartaric acid.
- 13—In Granada, Spain.
- 14—Charlotte Brontë.
- 15—Channel Islands.
- 16—The strip of leather between the sole and the upper.
- 17—March 27.
- 18—Sporran.
- 19—India rubber.
- 20—A case containing a ship's compass.

MUSCULAR ACHES! PAINS!

STOP THEM QUICK, OR THEY
MAY STOP YOUR PAY CHECK



YOU may be able to take the punishment of aching muscles but, in times like these, can you afford to be laid up and take time off from work to nurse them back to normal comfort?

It's needless to suffer from most muscular ailments... especially since it's so easy to get relief. Simply douse Absorbine Jr. on those aching muscles and rub, massage it in. Quick to act, it is so soothing, so relieving. And soon you are rewarded with the peaceful relaxation that comes with blessed freedom from throbbing pain.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that

it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting* relief.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against all kinds of muscular ailments. An excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE

for years has relieved sore muscles,
muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts,
sprains, abrasions



JR.

Used by
Thousands
for
"ATHLETE'S
FOOT"

My husband always asks for more now that I use your recipe book!

Over 100,000 women have used Liberty's "100 Standard Recipes" cook book and found that these *tested* recipes work every time! Brides and women with years of cooking experience unite in praising this recipe book. Also contains suggestions for menus. Send 10¢ (stamps or coin) for your copy today!



LIBERTY COOKBOOKS, 2-20-32
Liberty Weekly,
Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of "100 Standard Recipes." I enclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

M. CLINQUANT'S

(Reading time: 23 min. 45 sec.)

WHEN Andobarra declared war on the Latin League there arose a shout of laughter that shook two hemispheres. Even the Balkans saw the joke.

That was because few outside the Balkans could see Andobarra with the naked eye. It is a republic in the European Near East that only a microscope and a large-scale map can find.

About a rolled oat and a half in size, it squats high up in the Silesian Mountains like a tiny and rather draggled tomtit's nest. In structure it is composed entirely of steep valleys, subarctic forests, one iron mine, and two dozen mountain torrents. It contains one almost large village that has become the capital, and several hamlets clinging like grim death to its various less deadly slopes. Its last census gave it a population of 3,006; but that was because its metropolitan archbishop and his family of seventeen were away holiday-making on the Adriatic. It has a president, a cabinet of four, two generals, eleven colonels, and a standing army of twenty-five.

This army was once armed with Mauser rifles; but these were taken away for fear one might go off accidentally and kill someone in one of the Germanies or Czechos that hem the little land on every side. It is naturally a very peaceful spot, given up to agriculture, woodcutting, tapping torrents for electricity, iron-smelting for its own use, quarreling over cow pasturage, and the export of photos of "Europe's Bird-Nest Republic." Even the latter is a little restricted. It is said you can't take a snapshot in Andobarra without infringing some other nation's copyright in mountain scenery.

The cause of Andobarra's going to war was as simple as its own nature.

A French new-rich family named Clinquant motored there under the impression that it was a short cut to the Lido. The one available road into the republic is so brilliantly infernal that M. Clinquant, a big, meaty, rough-tongued fellow, lost nine-tenths of his small stock of good temper on the way up. A night in the sort of hotel Andobarra provides was almost a written guaranty that he would lose the rest. He did. In fact, he rose with the conviction that a lot was owing to him.

A nature like his must self-express itself. His did so at high pressure. He was thoroughly rude about the beds and cuisine, exploded when his bill was presented to him—not without reason—and boxed the ears of the garage keeper when he heard the price of petrol.

They don't use petrol in Andobarra. Their mountain torrents, and another reason that will transpire, had made them wizards with electricity. M. Clinquant did not know this, and was naturally furious at being charged



Railway officials added to the growing anxiety. Something had gone

a museum-piece price for the fluid he must have if his *de luxe* limousine was to move.

It was unfortunate for France that M. Clinquant, a most unprepossessing specimen anyhow, was unspeakably worse when roused. Having let himself go over the petrol, he positively ran amok thereafter. He woefully insulted the Lord Chief Justice, who tried to arrest him for brawling and assault; charged and killed the best milk-bearing but habitually road-straying army cow in his haste to escape from this *sale* republic, as he prettily put it; and finally violently punched the nose of what seemed to him a cinema commissionaire in a gold-and-purple sash who tried to prevent his crossing the frontier.

Only later did he learn that purple-sash was no less a personage than His Excellency the Hon. Herr Smolze, president of Andobarra. The fact, indeed, was contained in the ultimatum the Sovereign Republic of Andobarra delivered by wireless to Paris twelve hours later. Even then he only laughed, as the whole world laughed.

It was a stern and comic ultimatum.

Because of the wanton attack on Andobarra's chief magistrate, the murder of a military cow, and the general laceration, insult, and contumely the sacred feelings of the republic had suffered at the hands of M. Clinquant, Andobarra demanded from the president and nation of France an abject apology, the immediate and exemplary punishment of the culprit, and the payment of 110,000,-

MISTAKE

If You Punch a President in the Nose Something is Bound to Happen—It Did in 1940

By

DOUGLAS NEWTON

Pictures by CARL PFEUFER



the Latin League was in a position to dictate to the world.

And now a pocket-handkerchief republic so tiny that nine-tenths of the people of the world were unaware of its existence had calmly challenged this, the greatest military, naval, and political force of the epoch! No wonder the world laughed. No wonder newspapers published cartoons of a gnat defying an elephant, or a boy using a pea shooter against a pyramid. No wonder *Le Temps* said gravely: "We have been forced to mobilize our maiden aunt with a slipper to carry hostilities to the very seat of the enemy country."

THREE days later there was another world giggle. The

Andobarra wireless stated that, having received neither apology, indemnity, nor even an answer from France, and a state of war having therefore existed from midnight, the Andobarran air arm had bombed Nice, Toulon, Marseilles, Lyons, and Dijon at and about 2 A. M.

The world guffawed. The sheer absurdity of a nation attacking towns actually greater than itself in population was too comic. Also, the mere thought of such a potty little place even possessing an airplane, let alone a pilot capable of so lengthy a military flight, was beyond acceptance, except as a joke. Were these mountaineers so simple that they imagined the world would believe such childish nonsense?

There were just two groups of people who did not laugh—well, not after the first peal or so. The first was made up of those who said:

"They've got a darn' good wireless installation, since they can reach the whole world. They must be pretty up-to-date in electrical science, anyhow."

The other group was made up of those Parisian military and political officials who found that, curiously, they could not get in touch with Nice, Toulon, Marseilles, Lyons, and Dijon. From soon after 2 A. M. they had been trying, but no urgency in telegraphing or telephoning could get any sort of answer from any of those towns.

There was nothing wrong with the lines. Engineers testing them swore they had not been cut or tampered with in any way. Places within a mile of the cities in question also declared that they had

heard neither airplanes passing over, nor bombing, or anything untoward during the night. All the same, none of the five towns took or sent messages, or attempted any other form of communication with the outer world. They had suddenly gone dead.

Railway officials added to the growing sense of anxiety. Something had gone wrong on their systems in all these towns. No trains came out, no signals worked, no messages were sent. More, one or two trains, sent in cautiously because of signals against them, had not come out on the other side of the town—or on any side.

"They seem to have gone to sleep," one of the railway officials declared, and slowly that most extraordinary suggestion seemed the only explanation to fit the situation.

Reports came in. A signalman in Beaune had been

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

wrong on their systems.

000 francs by way of indemnity for moral and material damages!

And this ultimatum had to be complied with within forty-eight hours. If not, the Sovereign Republic of Andobarra would seek punishment and reparation by force of arms!

It was the joke of an era!

Even the world's gravest papers, like *Le Journal*, the *London Times*, *Punch*, and the *American Herald-Tribune*, became comic about it.

France, or rather the Latin League which French statecraft had brought into being, was then the strongest power in the whole world. By adroit diplomacy she had bound together all the Latin and near-Latin nations in one great offensive and defensive alliance. Any country that went to war with France was also automatically at war with Italy, republican Spain, Poland, Belgium, Latvia, and the Balearic Isles.

There was no power, or combination of powers, that could stand up against this League. Indeed, only three months before, a German confederation had been broken up by the threat of combined military action over some political issue that does not matter here. In truth, with England and America standing aloof, if not too friendly,



[M. CLINQUANT'S MISTAKE]
[Continued from page forty-nine]

talking over the phone to a confrère in Dijon about 3 A. M., when the Dijon man began to mumble and yawn sleepily. The fellow's gapings had come across the wire quite plainly; also the man himself apologized for them.

"I am suddenly most damnably sleepy," he had said. "It is exceedingly unique. Never before"—yawn



"We met something. We ran into a—wall. I think it was a zone of invisible infra-red light. It put everything out of gear."

—"have I had such an attack. I—can—scarcely—keep—my—eyes—ope—open."

With that there had come an unmistakable snore and the clatter of a telephone instrument falling over.

Again, a liner heading for Marseilles wirelessly a strange story. Just before dawn it had encountered a steamer steering in a most erratic manner. It was a Marseilles-Barcelona night boat, and, as she made no sort of response to signals, she was boarded. A most extraordinary state of things was discovered on her. Everyone in her was sound asleep! From the officers on the bridge down to the firemen who should have been attending the oil burners in the stokehold, every sailor and passenger was asleep—and so solidly asleep that nothing the boarding party could do could wake them.

It was as though they had been smitten by some strange disease.

The French marine authorities ordered the liner to tow the strange sleep-smitten derelict back to Marseilles and

keep in touch by wireless. It was in this way that an astonishing light was thrown on the business.

These wireless messages began to get vitally interesting directly the liner sighted the town. They ran:

Marseilles in sight. No life discernible. No smoke rising from chimneys.

Visibility signals to shore unanswered. No movement anywhere. Marseilles looks a town of the dead.

Entering harbor, dead slow. No sign of life but no indications of destruction. All seems as usual, only no people or vehicles move anywhere. The big cradle bridge is not working.

Can see men on the quays now—all lying down. All seem asleep. Nobody shows on ships in docks save watchmen. They are all asleep.

Then came a series of broken messages.

Sleep . . . everywhere sleep
Lookout man has just curled himself up on fo'c'sle head and gone to sleep. . . .
I am beginning to be overpowered. . . .
Captain has just rung engines to stop and ordered shackles to be let go and anchor dropped. . . . Only just
time. . . . Men collapsed asleep over anchor chain a moment after it
ran out. . . . The captain is hanging over the bridge rail asleep. . . .
I can't fight this sle

Sleep!

THERE was no doubt about it now. That something which had attacked those five great French cities had sent them to sleep. A destroyer flotilla, trying to get into Toulon, wirelessly that the admiralty signalers would not respond. A group of *pompier*s making their way into Lyons sank to sleep on the roadway as soon as they had entered the suburbs, in spite of the firemen's smoke helmets they were wearing. A professor and a group of chemists, protected by special laboratory gas masks, found them an hour or so later. They were snoozing quite comfortably and unharmed. So was every other man, woman, child, and animal in Lyons, as the professor gathered from a swift house-to-house inspection. There was no sort of damage or any military disturbance—but Lyons was definitely and unwakably asleep, as were the other four cities Andobarra had reported bombing.

France and the world began to wake up to the true inwardness of the great Andobarra joke, especially when an American scientist told a newspaper man:

"Don't be too sure that the big laugh isn't going to be with that baby republic—the Grotte brothers happen to live there."

Even the man in the street knew the name Grotte—anyhow, the name Max Grotte. Quite a lot of the world's latest electrical apparatus—mechanical, lighting, utilitarian as well as wireless—was stamped "Max Grotte Patent." He was one of the era's wonder workers in electricity.

Even Edison had said of him: "There's no knowing what his leaping imagination might not do in the realms of electricity and mechanics. Anything he sets his mind to he can accomplish."

He certainly accounted for Andobarra's wonderful wireless, the marvelous electric supply and workings obtained by harnessing her torrents, and there might be more significant inventions too, for Edison had testified:

"He wrote me some years ago that he was working on a silent all-electric pilotless airplane, capable of being controlled through the longest flights by wireless."

And it looks as if he'd got it! The French, you note, heard nothing of the machine that bombed them.

The two other Grotte brothers, Odo and Christian, were quite unknown to the world. They were just scientists, though science itself held that they ranked among the first five brains of their day.

They worked together on the whole range of chemical knowledge, and Herr Verstand, the greatest of the German savants, who knew them well, declared of them:

"What those two men could do, say in gas warfare, simply terrifies my imagination. If they have indeed perfected some new deadly gas that can be transported and discharged by an airplane Max has invented, then I tremble at the thought of the disasters that may be facing France and the Latin League."

The Latin League was not trembling—not yet, anyhow. It was simply too ridiculous to imagine that three men, backed only by a mere pin-hole of a republic, could be dangerous to the greatest military combination of the age. All the same, France took certain precautions against any repetition of what it considered a mere lucky accident on Andobarra's part. It wirelessly the republic that if there was any more of this nonsense it would lose its temper and slap it severely.

Also the latest pattern anti-aircraft units were posted along the French frontier all the way from Luxembourg to Mentone.

ANDOBARRA paid exactly the same attention to both the A. A. batteries and the threat. It said not a word; just bombed Toulouse, Bordeaux, Orléans, Chartres, Nancy, and Metz that night.

An anti-aircraft officer in the Vosges thought he saw something at the extreme range of his most powerful searchlight, while a patrolling airman made the same report. Both men said it looked like an airplane, but if it was it flew at an altitude beyond the reach of any other machine and at a terrific speed. Also it was absolutely silent.

It was, the world realized, one of Max Grotte's new airplanes making for Chartres; and Chartres, with the other towns on that night's list, was put to sleep.

France woke next morning to learn that ten of her great cities were now bound helpless in slumber; for nothing could be found to wake the first five.

One other fact was discovered from this attack. An engineer officer of an imaginative turn of mind had stationed himself in a gas mask on the Quai Louis XVIII of Orléans during the night.

He had provided himself with a blackboard and chalk. He was found

asleep by the blackboard, but he had scrawled on it:

A sound like a descent over this town. Not like an airplane but a great bird—almost imperceptible. The thing hovers. It rains out of a clear sky. It is not rain. A spot on my cheek is oily to the touch. No smell—sleep—sleep—I am

over
come

THERE was no longer any doubt about it. The despised Andobarra had abruptly become formidable. As Max Grotte's airplane defied all defenses, so the strange sleeping gas of his brothers defied all cure. What the fluid was could not be discovered. It

had evaporated by the time masked rescuers went into the stricken towns. But the potency of the gas that came from it was extreme. It not only plunged entire cities into a sleep that seemed capable of enduring for days, perhaps weeks, but its infection spread steadily outward, so that whole districts were slowly numbed into sleep.

Again, not only did this subtly pervasive and odorless gas defy all analysis, but even the best known gas masks were no sure defense against it.

Most of the masked rescuers succumbed to it, sometimes almost at once, sometimes hours after. And

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Has a fit if she gains a pound! Ignores sickly gums, and she has . . .

"pink tooth brush"!

Of course you watch your weight! YOU don't intend to sit in a corner with an overstuffed figure, while some slender girl gets all the attention!

But what about your face? What about your smile? You aren't going to have a beautiful, alluring smile unless your teeth stay sparkling white and sound! And your teeth aren't going to stay sound unless you pay some attention to those soft, sickly gums of yours!

Practically every bit of food you eat is soft, cooked food—too creamy to give your gums any stimulation. Your gums got lazy—then weak. Now they tend to bleed. You have "pink tooth brush".

Perhaps you haven't realized that "pink tooth brush" can lead to gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea. It can endanger the soundness of your teeth.

Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. It won't be long before your teeth are whiter—and your gums harder. You can forget "pink tooth brush". Remember: a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-222, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.



SLEEP TONIGHT



FATHER: *That shoulder hurt so much I didn't sleep at all last night.*

MOTHER: *Well, it won't bother you tonight. Sloan's will fix it in short order!*

STIFF JOINTS —sore muscles

Don't lose precious sleep because of sore, aching joints or stiff neck. Just pat on Sloan's Liniment. Instantly fresh blood rushes to the sore spot, circulation is restored, stiff joints limber up. You feel warmed, soothed, relaxed. You sleep... Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.

SLOAN'S Liniment

WARMS LIKE
SUNSHINE



REDUCING made safe!



Slim, modish lines may be regained without subjecting yourself to dangerous reducing methods. The Liberty Reducing Book—*scientifically prepared*—tells how to take off unsightly fat, quickly, easily, safely. Gives weight charts, caloric tables, menus, exercises. Illustrated. Only 10¢ (stamps or coin). Send today for your copy!

LIBERTY'S REDUCING BOOK,
Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
I enclose 10¢. Please send me a copy of the Liberty Reducing Book.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... 2-20-32

[M. CLINQUANT'S MISTAKE]

[Continued from page fifty-one]

again nothing known to medical science could wake them or any other sleeper so attacked.

The outside world was chuckling Homerically at the spectacle of a great military power defeated by—sleep! But it was no laughing matter for France. The whole of her public and economic life was suddenly hamstrung. Railway traffic had come almost to a standstill; road transport was gravely hampered; business was being stifled; while panic, with its threat of anarchy, began to stir among the populace. France was being blockaded by sleep!

IT was a situation of ugliness and anger. And to add to it, the Andobarra wireless, when reporting its successful bombing raids on the six new cities, also proclaimed that, as France had failed to come to terms, the indemnity required from her was now raised to 150,000,000 francs. If this was not immediately agreed upon, towns in the north of France would be bombed that night.

This communiqué also revealed that while the sleeping gas used was harmless to human life, the taking of life being repugnant to Andobarra, it was doubtful if anybody outside Andobarra could cure it. The Grotte brothers, however, guaranteed a complete and healthy reawakening of all victims within a few hours of the acceptance of the republic's terms.

France was furious; but, still believing in the old military axiom that there is no attack that cannot be overcome by new inventions of defense, she was defiant. All the members of the Latin League were called upon to fulfill the pact of alliance, and that day half the nations of Europe had rushed to arms. Seven million men were immediately mobilized to deal drastically with Andobarra's 3,006 inhabitants.

But even while this mighty war machine was assembling to stamp out the international gnat, the jurists of the League of Nations were asking a difficult question. How did the Latin League propose to attack Andobarra?

The little republic was entirely surrounded by Czech and Germanic nations, and it was against international law for the Latins to march across these neutral states.

The Latin League might have defied

the law and the countries in question on the plea of national extremity; but England and America, and even the new Kingdom of Russia, who had long viewed with anxiety the growth of the huge Latin confederation, threw their weight in on the side of the League of Nations. Whatever France might have thought about it a week ago, with her state already half paralyzed she was in no mood or con-



Something which had attacked those five great French cities had sent them to sleep.

dition to be rash. Yet the situation was manifestly and dangerously absurd. France was being reduced to helpless chaos by a pygmy land it could not get at. Some bold way must be found out of the difficulty—and it was found. As Andobarra had flown without protest over neutral countries to attack France, so the Latin League would reduce Andobarra to pulp by air.

The jurists could argue out who was the responsible party at their leisure.

This decided, three of the biggest bombing flotillas the world has ever known left Poland, Italy, and France at carefully synchronized intervals that night.

"Andobarra," the chief of the French air force said solemnly, "will resemble nothing but a burnt-out volcano crater tomorrow morning. One even doubts if there will be any life left at all amid its arid mountains. It will be terrible, yes, but a great nation faced with extinction must not flinch from the use of such terrors."

All night the world waited for news of that awful onslaught, and by three in the morning the first reports began to wing through the ether—but not from France, nor were they those

France had expected to send. They came from Czech and German wireless stations, and they reported airplanes down everywhere in *their* territories. Breslau reported Poles crashed by the squadron, as well as French; while Prague gave the impression that half its countryside was littered with broken French and Italian machines. Indeed, the debacle was so complete and ghastly as to be comparable only with the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

Only a few machines fluttered dazedly back to Italy or came down to be interned in Austria or Switzerland. It was the pilot of one of these who said:

"We met—something. I do not know what. Twenty miles short of that accursed hill republic we ran into a—wall. Me, I think it was a zone of invisible infra-red light, the 'black light' used against burglars and perfected by these detestable Grottes. But who knows? There was nothing to be seen. All the same, the thing was deadly and impenetrable. It put our compasses, instruments, engines, everything out of gear, so that we were forced down. I was in one of the rear squadrons.

"Someone ahead, who must have touched only the fringe of the ray barrier, managed to wireless back that there was this—this terror ahead, and that we must turn south by east and try to find a gap through it. We never found that gap. We wheeled and made attempt after attempt. I saw squadrons ahead of me drop like shot birds. I saw comrades near me fall abruptly, apparently for no reason at all. It was ghastly. No shelling, no searchlight—nothing; just the airplane ramming this black, intangible thing and falling helpless. It was hopeless. That accursed eyrie of magicians is surrounded by defenses through which no known flying machine can penetrate."

FORTUNATELY, not too many of the pilots were killed, for since only the engines failed many were able to land. Still, most of these escaped death only to be interned, so that at one stroke the Latin League lost the flower of its flying forces.

And even while the nations of the League reeled under the terrific quality of the disaster and the whole world gasped, the Andobarra wireless began to speak.

It reported its own successful aerial attacks on the towns of north France. Châlons, Reims, Amiens, Sedan, Lille, Calais, Havre, and Cherbourg had been bombed. Also it had turned its attention to other nations in the League. In Italy, Turin, Milan, Verona, and Padua had been attacked; while Cracow, Kalisz, and Posen in Poland had been successfully raided.

Moreover, since these latter nations had attempted certain military actions against the Sovereign State of Andobarra, they too must pay indemnity. The sum now demanded from the Latin League was 300,000,000 francs.

Of the great aerial armada it said no more than has been given here! It treated it as of no consequence. And with reason. It was now unmistakably plain that not a single bombing machine had been able to get within twenty miles of the republic.

There was no laughing now. The business had suddenly become terrifying. At a stroke Italy had been rendered impotent, since the four great cities that controlled the whole of her northern railway system had been stricken by sleep. All traffic was at a standstill. She was cut off, as it were, from all land communication with Europe. She could not even move the huge armies she had mobilized. In the same way, the great railway arteries of Poland had been numbed. But, above all, France had been rendered absolutely helpless. Her railway system was practically dead, for in nineteen of her most important cities and junction towns there was no living movement at all save of men stirring in their sleep. France, in fact, was paralyzed—save in her head. Andobarra had left her Paris to negotiate with.

Her position was as dangerous as it was hopeless. Her social and economic life was shattered. Most of her industries had ceased working, her ports were either sleeping or cut off, and her very food supply was in danger. She was faced by a rebellion of her people terrified at the threat of ruin, starvation, and even plague through the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

She has no fear of Birthdays



Photograph by
Nikolai Murav, 1931

"Yes—I am 34"
says Beverly Bayne

9 out of 10 Screen Stars know the Secret of keeping Youthful Charm

"YES, I am 34," says Beverly Bayne, much beloved favorite of the stage and screen. "Why be afraid to admit your age—as long as you don't look it?"

"No woman need look her age nowadays—it's so easy not to. On the stage you *have* to stay youthful, so we all are very careful about our complexions.

"A lovely skin takes more years off your age than anything else.

"I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years—almost all actresses do, because it's such a sure

way of keeping your skin soft and youthful and attractive."

The charming Beverly Bayne is only one of countless beautiful actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin youthfully smooth and aglow. The Broadway stars are so enthusiastic about this fragrant white soap, it is in theater dressing rooms all over the country.

Hollywood's favorite Complexion Care

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap both at home and on location. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Surely you will want to try this gentle, luxurious way to complexion loveliness!

Lux Toilet Soap—10¢



Cheeks no longer sallow,
skin clears,
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if you don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

MUSCULAR- RHEUMATIC PAINS

DRAW them out with a "counter-irritant." Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness—generally respond pleasantly to good old Musterole. Doctors call it a "counter-irritant," because its warming action penetrates and stimulates blood circulation and helps to draw out infection and pain. But do not stop with one application. Apply this soothing, cooling, healing ointment generously to the affected area *once every hour for five hours*. Used by millions for over 20 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses.

To Mothers—Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



Print Your Own

Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Advertising, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Junior Press, \$5.90. Job press \$11 up, Power \$149. Easy rules sent. Write for free catalog with all details. The KELSEY Co., Y-19, Meriden, Conn.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

[M. CLINQUANT'S MISTAKE]

[Continued from page fifty-three]

neglected sanitary services of the sleep-ridden cities.

And there was no chance of saving the day.

True, in the last raid, one of the Andobarra planes had crashed, through structural defects, near Montmédy; but it had happened on the homeward flight. The few drops of the sleep-producing fluid left in its tank successfully defied all attempts to discover the nature of the gas and so find a cure for those afflicted and an antidote against future bombing.

What was left of this machine after its dive from a tremendous height indicated the marvelous nature of Max Grotte's invention. It was, as had been guessed, a pilotless plane. It had a very small electric engine, and the power seemed to be supplied to this, as the steering was controlled, by wireless rays; but how it was controlled could not be ascertained, since the fall had destroyed all the delicate mechanism.

There being neither cockpit nor fuel tanks, the whole of the machine, the hollow wings as well as the fuselage, was practically one big container for the gas fluid. Beneath the fuselage there were two big whirling sprinklers to spread the rain of sleep over the widest possible area as the plane hovered and quartered over a city. These sprinklers were also controlled by wireless.

ALL the Grotte brothers had to do, then, was to sit safe at home in their laboratory amid impregnable mountains and, by merely touching levers, fly their raiding airplanes at any altitude and any speed to any destination they decided—radio range finders and automatic signals as well as their own masterly mathematical knowledge enabling them to know exactly when their robot planes were over the towns to be attacked. Then, by wireless, the sleeping gas was released and the planes were flown home again.

Thus three men could conquer the world without stirring from their chairs! Thus a tiny nation could shatter the greatest military might of history. None of Andobarra's 3,006 inhabitants was required to fly a machine, so that the republic could carry on war without loss of a single life. All that her citizens had to do was to construct airplanes on the lines of the three Max Grotte had already built before war was declared. Andobarra reported that without undue exertion

they were already constructing two a day before the ultimatum expired. Since each machine carried enough fluid to put two cities to sleep, the disasters that this steadily growing fleet foreshadowed sent a wave of terror through the Latin League.

It surrendered.

It had to if sheer disaster was to be avoided. Another week of this absurd war and half Europe would be a wilderness of sleep, unable even to keep itself alive. The Latin League accepted the humiliation. Its 7,000,000 armed men were demobilized, the indemnity was paid, and all other demands of the pygmy 3,006 were met.

BUT something of greater worth came out of the business. The League of Nations—with England, America, the Germanies, and the Grotte brothers behind it—insisted that this was the golden moment for universal disarmament. The Grottes, having demonstrated how little was needed to overthrow the greatest armies of the world, placed not only the secrets of the sleeping gas and airplane at the disposal of the League of Nations, but other even more terrible discoveries that they had been too humanitarian to use against France. In other words, they made war a certain danger as well as a folly. They gave Geneva the one effective police weapon necessary to coerce any nation, however strong and belligerent. From that day on, no race has dared to go to war. It would be smothered in innocent sleep within five hours if it did.

The League of Nations was, in fact, promptly transferred from Geneva to Andobarra, which soon had better roads and hotels than those that had roused M. Clinquant to the wrath that had caused the snuffing out of war. There the jurists worked for the good of the world, and the three Grotte brothers utilized the 300,000,000 francs mainly in scientific research for the benefit of humanity.

And France and the sleeping cities?

Airplanes flew over all of them the night after the Latin League had surrendered, another kind of fluid was rained down, and in the morning the citizens awoke with no more than sluggish livers from being too long abed. What this antidote was only the Grotte brothers knew, and they would no more reveal its secret than they would that of the sleeping gas.

Both were things to be saved up for any nation that had not already been laughed out of the folly of war.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Warning to Morpheus

Waking early one morning, Buddy, aged eighteen months, heard his dad snoring. He stood up in his bed, watched his dad intently for a moment, and said, "Daddy honk."—Marjorie Lazarus, 818 Cherry St., Macon, Ga.

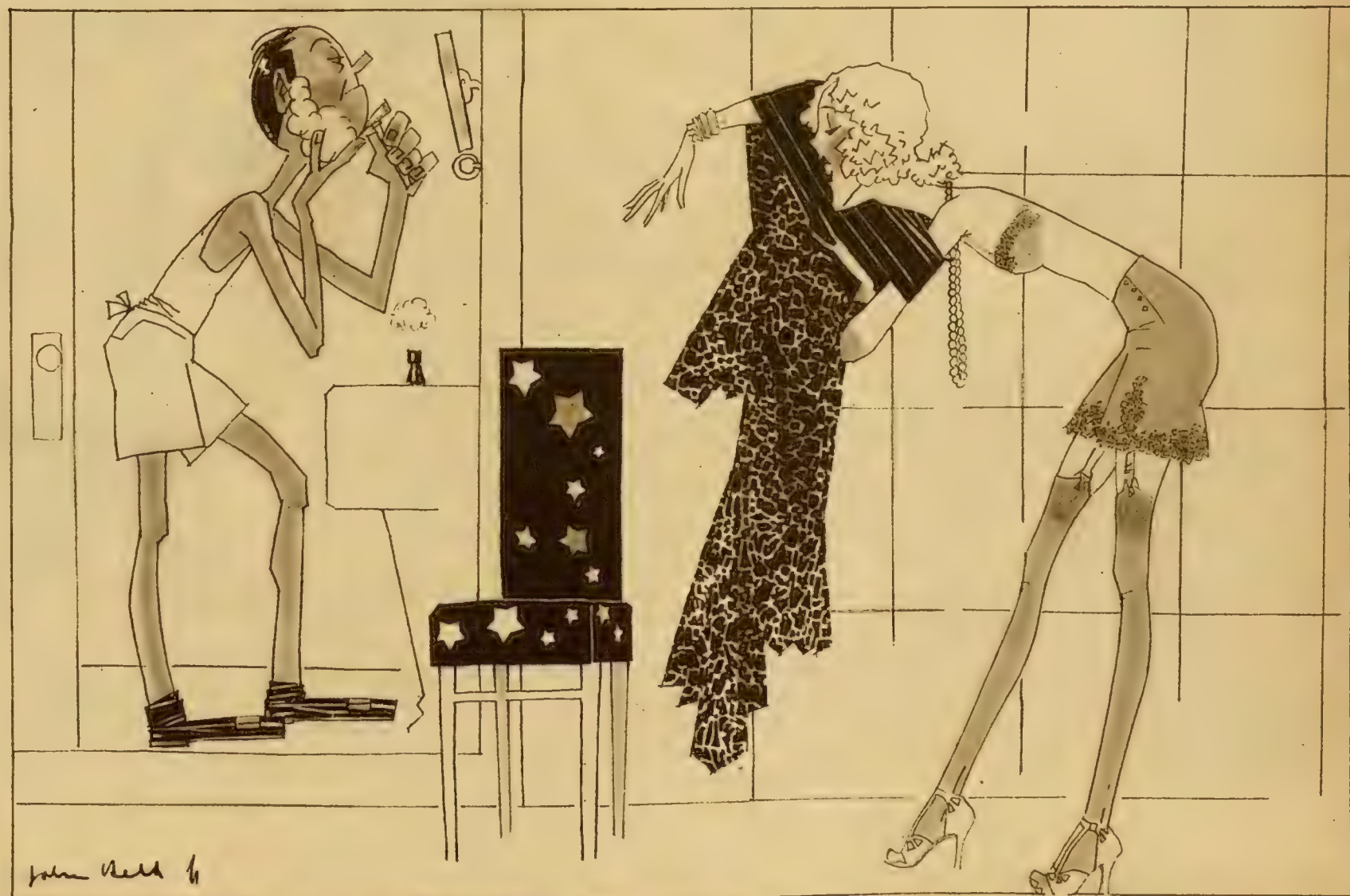
That Middle-Aged Feeling

One day while I was visiting a friend, her small daughter's first tooth fell out. She ran into the room crying, "Mother, mother, come quick, I'm coming all to pieces!"—Miss F. Moser, 926 Hays St., San Antonio, Tex.

CIVILIZATION'S PROGRESS by John Held, Jr.



The time element in women's dress. In days past the husband waited hours for the wife to get ready



John Held Jr.

And a One-Two

*The Story of a
Fighter Who Was
Mad and a Girl
Who Was Glad—
Because?*

By **GEORGE S.
BROOKS**

(Reading time: 34 minutes 30 seconds.)

BUTCH stood under the shower in the corner. He wished they would stop talking and open a window. Then he remembered there wasn't any window to open. Including himself, there were nine men in the dressing room. Seven of them were talking at once.

"So he misses with his left . . ."

"Naw. He swung with his right . . ."

"And Butch caught him on the button . . ."

"He did not! He sunk a low left to the body . . ."

"Don't ask me," protested a fat man. "A guy behind me asks me for a light. I turns to give him the match and I hears something go floppo on the canvas. I looks at the ring again, and there's Butch standin' over him and it's time to go home."

"I'd as soon run into a truck as Butch's left."

"I tell you, he done it with his right."

"His left."

"Maybe he butted," suggested the fat man. "Over in Jersey they call that usin' your head."

A tall man, his stop watch still in his hand, outshouted the others: "It only went seventeen seconds of the first round! Seven seconds for Butch to clout him and ten more for the referee to count him out." No matter where you were, the fighter reflected, somebody was always good at figures.

"Butch made a hundred dollars a second tonight . . ."

"It figures about a hundred twelve and a half."

This was the worst of fighting, thought the Butcher. You had to listen to more talk about it, afterward, than a man could put in a book. What difference did it make to any of them what punch he had used to level off that palooka? That was his business. What did it matter to them if he drew a dollar or a hundred dollars a second? That was his affair and his manager's. This gang of weisheimers was like the whistle on a pop-corn machine—no good except to make a noise.

A man couldn't breathe with such a mob around him. Steam from the shower had mixed with their cigarette smoke in the unventilated dressing room until it blurred the single electric bulb that dangled above the rubbing table.

"You ask Butch if it wasn't his left."

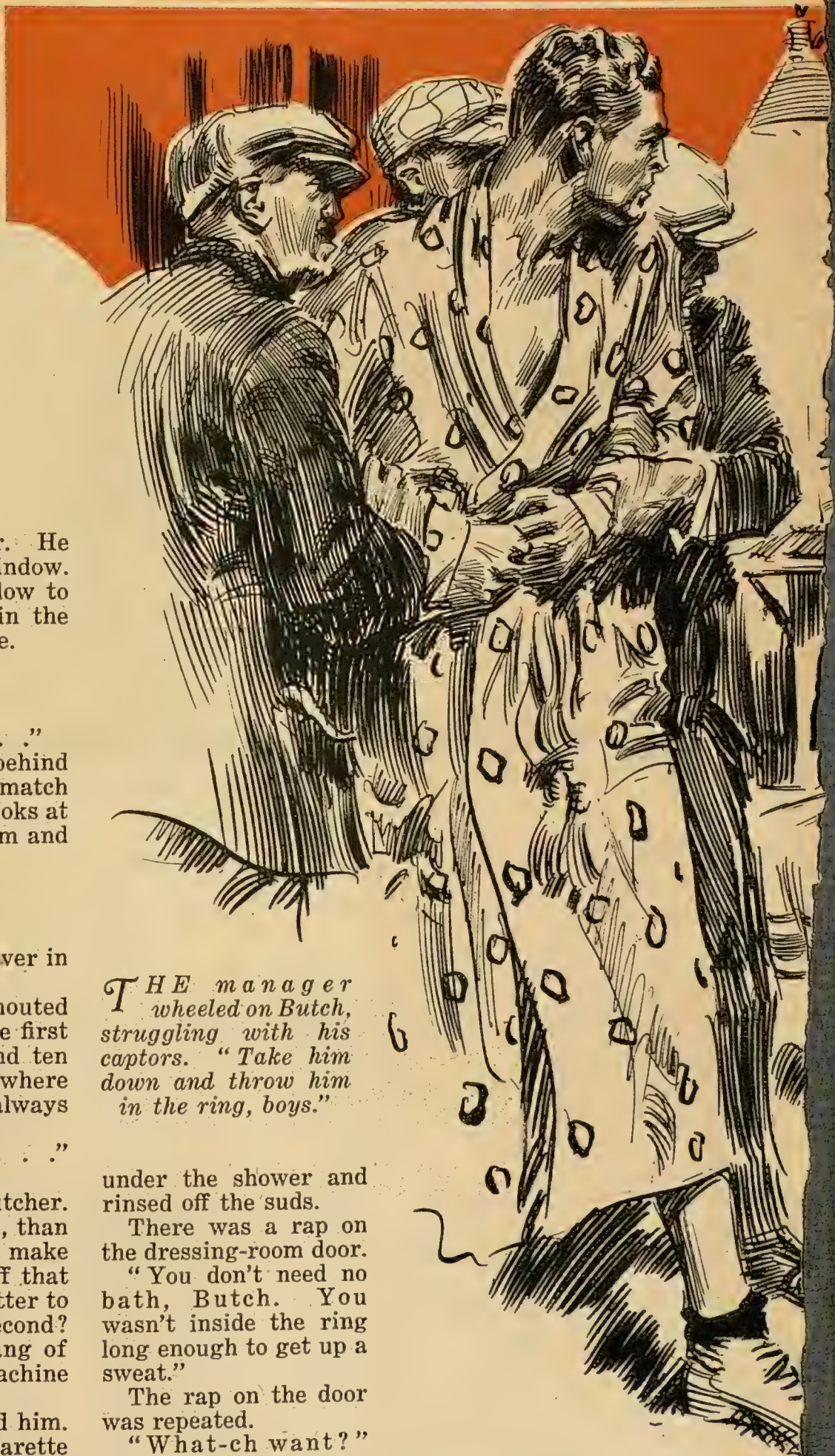
"Butch don't know. I seen it myself, I tell you."

"I seen it, too."

Butcher ignored them. He moved over to one side, just out of range of the water, and lathered himself with a cake of sweet-scented toilet soap. He liked to smell nice.

"Butch," someone called, "ain't you most through?"

He gave no sign that he had heard. He stood back



THE manager wheeled on Butch, struggling with his captors. "Take him down and throw him in the ring, boys."

under the shower and rinsed off the suds.

There was a rap on the dressing-room door.

"You don't need no bath, Butch. You wasn't inside the ring long enough to get up a sweat."

The rap on the door was repeated.

"What-ch want?" called the fat man.

It must be a stranger, someone who didn't know much about fights and fighters. The only time that the Butcher's friends ever rapped on a door was when they wanted to get into a speakeasy.

People walked through his dressing room as if it were a hotel lobby.

There was a louder knock.

"You Rusty," the fighter ordered, "you see who it is."

A man with a broken nose and a polo shirt opened the

to the HEART



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Pictures by
JAMES
MONTGOMERY
FLAGG

lent start toward one in New York, groped for a towel and failed to find it. With soapy fingers he pushed the sandy-red hair from his eyes and looked at Rusty. "I don't know no dames in New York," he said, with a vague regret in his tone.

"Maybe she followed you here from Milwaukee or Kansas City."

DRISCOLL shook his head. "I don't know the dames in them towns. Not any dame you'd call a looker. I always been trainin'."

"Go get acquainted, then. But you better hurry. Because this one don't have to wait. You can tell that by lookin' at her," asserted Rusty Gaffney.

Butch dropped the damp towel on the dirty floor, put his feet on it, and reached for his green-silk underwear. "I'll see what she wants in a minute," he promised.

From the other side of the door came a low-pitched but determined voice: "Father—let me in."

Handy Jack Kellar, the Butcher's manager, scowled and slid down from the end of the rubbing table where he had been perched. "Keep out of here, Mary!" he shouted.

"Let me in, please."

"What do you want?"

"Oh, I just want to see you."

"The little liar," he muttered. Then he turned to Butch, who was getting into his clothes with the speed of a rescue company fireman. "I'll get rid of her in a minute," he promised. "Soon as I shake her, we can all go out and find us some beer." The manager opened the door and disappeared into the corridor.

There was silence in the dressing room after he left, except for a faint "damn" from the fighter as he pulled off a shirt button in his haste. Eight men listened for Handy Jack's greeting to his daughter.

"Who let you in?"

"Everybody."

"If you lose your job for comin' here, don't blame me," they heard him say.

snapping turtle emerging from his shell. He drew back his head in alarm. "Pipe down," he whispered hoarsely. The fat man was telling a dirty story. "Low bridge. It's a lady."

"A lady?" asked Butch with interest, shutting off the water.

"And a looker!" The broken-nosed man smacked his lips.

Butcher Driscoll, middleweight, 157 pounds, with an established reputation west of Cleveland and an excel-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



WHEN she faced her classes wearing her sleeveless jersey and shorts, she made visiting mothers conscious of their hips.

[AND A ONE-TWO TO THE HEART]
Continued from page fifty-seven

"Why, they know I come to the fights."

"Don't tell me! They wouldn't stand for no teacher in a swell school like that—"

"You have the funniest ideas, father. Don't you know that boxing's respectable now?"

"Yes. And it was a cleaner sport when it wasn't."

"Miss Livingston herself went to the Milk Fund Bout."

"Well, tell me what you want and get it over with."

"I want a look at your new boy."

Behind the dressing-room door, the Butcher smiled and threw back his shoulders. She *had* come to see him, after all. He knew he wasn't any orchid man or Adonis of the ring, but if any woman liked to see murder done according to the State Commission Regulations, nine times out of ten he could oblige them. He bent over to tie his shoes. It was funny that Handy Jack Kellar had never mentioned a swell-looking daughter old enough to teach school.

"Didn't you see him out front?" asked Handy Jack's voice.

"Not very long."

The manager laughed. "He didn't waste no time posing, and that's a fact. He can hit with either hand and off either foot. He's chopped down more middleweights and light-heavies than you'd find to a race track."

"Perhaps he has," said Mary; "but he can't box."

Butcher Driscoll suddenly felt smaller than a flyweight. To make matters worse, the seven silent men in the dressing room were laughing at him.

"Box!" roared the manager. "What would he want to box for? Since I've had him he's registered fifteen knockouts in nineteen starts and not one of 'em was a push-over. Look at his record. Two KO's in Chicago; two in Louisville; a decision and a knockout in Kansas City, besides pushin' 'em over in Cincy an' Minneapolis an' Milwaukee an' Pittsburgh. Say—there was a lumberjack in Youngstown who—"

"I know—I know." Her tone was bored. "We see a paper."

"And can you read it?" Handy Jack was choking. "Did you read anything about any other boy who could knock the Punxsutawney Panther right through the ropes and land him on top of the police commissioner in the first row?"

"Pluck and luck," returned the girl. "A mule's hind foot would have sent him further, if he'd been clumsy enough to get in the way of it."

BUTCH ran a comb through his moist hair. He pulled his vest down, straightened the lapels of his coat, and adjusted his platinum watch chain. So she thought he was just a gorilla, did she? Something her father shaved up, tied boxing gloves on, and pushed into the ring! He would show her. He wasn't all marked up about the face like her father. His map didn't look like a page out of the World War history book. His nose didn't have any bridge work under it to keep it from spreading over his cheek. His ears weren't tattooed out over the side of his head. He'd always put leeches on them, after a battle, to reduce the swelling. He'd taken care of himself.

Nor did he do a flash act with his clothes. Why, his pin-striped suit might have been wrapped around a bond salesman. Butch had never been able to shake off his boyhood impression that all fighters were wicked men in noisy clothes, who drank, gambled, ran with bad women, and never went to Mass. In an effort to placate his mother's conscience, he dressed like an undertaker and never swore except when he had to.

This Mary Kellar was plenty fresh, at that, to come around his camp knocking his record. "Pluck and luck" indeed! He'd show her that he could be a gentleman. Something on the order of Jimmy Walker, only more refined. With a Chesterfieldian manner he opened the door. "Say, Jack," he called, to give the girl the impression that he had overheard nothing.

Then he saw Mary. She was standing there with her father, waiting to be seen. He forgot to be courteous but aloof. He hesitated and his knees weakened.

Mary knew what had happened to him. She'd seen other young men similarly stricken. In fact, she counted on it. Her smile was a one-two to the heart. She flashed it on a Connecticut traffic cop, one afternoon, when he'd clocked her at sixty-five miles an hour. He not only tore up the ticket but bought her ten gallons of gas.

"I'm Mary Kellar," she said, holding out her hand. "I saw you work tonight and I wanted to meet you."

The Butcher grasped her fingers and held them for a long, home-town count. "Thanks," he mumbled. "I mean, much obliged." He was groggy as a punch-drunk heavyweight coming up for the last time. He just stared at her.

Mary fought at 112 pounds and never had trouble making the weight. She was erect as a marine first sergeant during an inspection of quarters, and competent as an information clerk. When she faced her classes of sub-debs in the Misses Livingston School for Girls, wearing her sleeveless jersey and shorts, and commanded, "Hands behind head—place!" she made visiting mothers conscious of their hips. Her hair was a medium chestnut, her color was natural, her features regular, and her long dark lashes were a bonus from God.

"I WANTED to ask you what you hit him with," Mary inquired in a professional tone.

"Just a mule's hind foot," growled her father. But the others didn't pay any attention.

Butcher Driscoll hung his head. He would have given anything to be able to tell her, feint by feint and blow by blow, just what had occurred. But he couldn't. The Butcher fought by ear and not by note.

"I dunno how I done it, Miss Kellar," he apologized. "I was in there, swappin' punches. I seen a place for my glove and I throwed it. I see his eyes was goin' dead-fishy, so I let him have another, a right or a left, whatever was handy, and he went down. I got an idea they was body blows, because he fell on his face and drewed up his knees and was out for quite a while. It don't hurt 'em so much as one on the chin, but it lasts longer."

"That's very interesting," said Mary.

"Not to you it ain't," interrupted her father. "You'd rather see some pretty boy win on points. You like these bouts where they vote on the winner and everybody's sore and won't settle their bets." He spat contemptuously and turned to his pet fighter. "Her idea of a great ten rounds is a cross between a Marathon race and a concert by the Swiss Bell Ringers. She gives the fight to the boy who can back away fastest. If you paid any attention to her, you could stay in the ring all your life and never lose a front tooth." Handy Jack's sneer showed his own solid gold bridge work.

"Of course boxing takes more skill than fighting," Mary maintained. "I've seen boxers who were as graceful as fencers."

"Cossack dancin' with gloves on," snorted Handy Jack.

"Now, I don't know but she's right," the Butcher said, inviting argument. She had given him a second glance through her long lashes. "When you stop to figure it, there ain't much science to me. I walk in, takin' two and givin' one—"

The manager swore. "Mary," he stormed, "listen to what you done now! You would put it in his head to be clever, when he's doin' swell just the way he is. I got enough of your meddlin'." He ripped out a string of lurid language. The Butcher blushed, but Mary smiled. "I ain't forgot the time you was goin' to train Willie Powers scientific. You weighed his grub on him and counted his calories and fed him so much barley soup, up to the trainin' cottage, that he didn't have the strength to last four rounds."

"That wasn't my fault," Mary returned.

"No!" thundered her father. "It was my fault for listening to you. Lam it and stay lammed."

"I'm going," she replied, making no move.

"If you're not heeling out of here in one minute, I'll quit sendin' money to your ma," promised the manager. "So help me, I won't give her a phone nickel and you'll have to support her yourself. And I'll live outside the state, so you can't have me pinched. That's what I'll do."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



"Look
daddy..."

The only
pipe smoker who
doesn't like it,
is the one who
never tried it!



Packed in a
handy pocket
pouch of heavy
foil. Keeps the
tobacco better
and makes the
price lower.
Hence . . . 10c

YOU CAN DEPEND ON A LIGGETT & MYERS PRODUCT

[AND A ONE-TWO TO THE HEART]
Continued from page fifty-nine

You're bad luck, like them opal studs I had. Be a good girl and run home."

Mary was unabashed. She kissed her father perfunctorily on his scarred cheek, midway between his lifted nose and his flattened ear. Then she put out her hand to Driscoll. "I hope I'll see you again sometime."

"Honest, Miss Kellar? Do you, honest?"

"Of course I do."

"Could I call you sometime?"

"Any time. The Livingston School's in the phone book. Ask for the gymnasium."

She shot him a final smile and lingering glance through her long lashes, turned, and walked down the corridor.

The Butcher turned to his manager, a new respect in his tone. "I never knew you had a daughter, Jack."

"I guess she's mine," returned the older man gloomily. "I always took the blame for her."

"And smart, too." Butch didn't think it was necessary to say beautiful. That was so obvious to anyone, even a father.

"I'll tell you about her." Handy Jack pointed a warning forefinger at the fourth button of the fighter's vest. "Leave her alone. She's a meddler, a natural born meddler. She took after her mother's folks. All them McGuires would be rich as Henry Ford if they had got paid for mindin' other people's business and saved their money."

"But, Jack—"

"If you mix with her, Butch, you'll be sorry all the rest of your life."

"She's a nice girl. She wouldn't do anything that—"

"I dunno what she'd do," confessed her father, "or how she'd do it. But if you let her get near you she'll salt your sugar for you."

THE fighter couldn't help laughing. In some ways the manager was thick as a paving brick. And he could be so superstitious that Butch was ashamed to go around with him. If the digits of a hotel room number added up to eleven, Jack would move in. But if the total were an even number, thirteen, or five, the man would walk out to another hotel. Somehow, Kellar had the notion that his daughter was unlucky. A dandy girl like Mary unlucky? Nonsense!

What was that name again? Oh—Livingston. The Livingston School, and it was in the phone book. He mustn't forget the name. Livingston School, and ask for the gymnasium. He wondered if ten o'clock the next morning would be too early to call.

As a different sort of girl might have taken a suitor for a twilight stroll through a garden, Mary led the fighter through the gym. Her banks of forget-me-nots and mignonette were racks of Indian clubs, her rose arbors were the horizontal bars, her ornamental bench was the vaulting horse. She didn't point out tender vines laden with fragrant and exotic flowers. She showed him the traveling rings. She regretted that he couldn't try the new needle shower or do a swan dive from the twelve-foot platform above the pool. Instead of pinning a rare blossom in his buttonhole, she gave him a pint bottle of Muscle Ease, which, she said, was the best thing she'd ever tried for a Charley horse.

By the time she had shown him the charts of her pupils' weight, height, waist and bust measures, the Butcher hardly knew whether he was sitting in her tiny office or was stretched on the promenade deck of a gondola, seeing Venice by moonlight. He was helpless as the Punxsutawney Panther at the minute when that warrior was catapulted through the ropes into the police commissioner's ample lap. Love had only tapped him, but he was dazed and muscle-bound.

Nor did Mary relent in her attack after she had him



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

groggy. She showed him some of the medals and silver cups and ribbons she had won with the women's fencing team. She added, carelessly, that her best trophies were in her room.

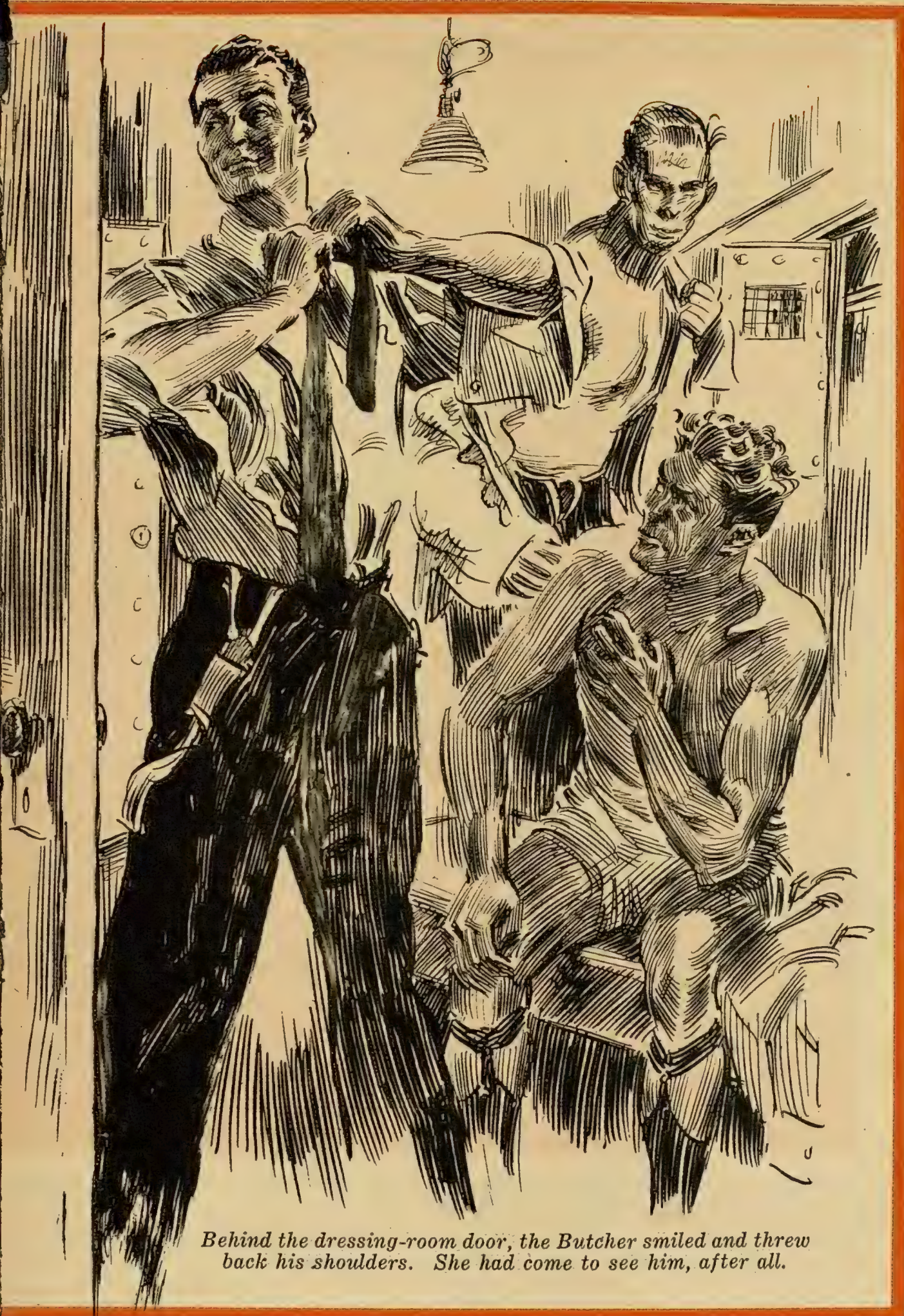
Obviously, she was a champ. She looked it and the plated silverware on her desk proved it. The fighter told himself that a man couldn't ask a lady champ to change her laundry mark offhand, as he'd ask an ordinary woman. You had to be good yourself to be worthy of a champ.

"Say," asked the Butcher suddenly, "you saw me working, didn't you? What do you think of my chances?"

"At the title?"

"Sure. That's what we're shooting for."

Mary looked interested, as if she had wanted him to



Behind the dressing-room door, the Butcher smiled and threw back his shoulders. She had come to see him, after all.

ask that question. Her father could have warned Butch that the interfering glint was shining in her eye. But her father wasn't there, and Butch wouldn't have listened anyway.

"I THINK you're swell ring material. You've got a punch like a stroke of paralysis and you have speed and courage. You've every qualification to hold the title." She hesitated. "Except one."

"You mean I ain't clever enough?"

"I mean you should learn to box," the girl told him.

The Butcher's face fell. "I'm afraid it ain't in me, Miss Kellar. I ain't the right temperament for a boxer. Lemme tell you my system. Soon as I'm signed for a bout, I start hatin' the guy I'm goin' to meet. I got to hate him or I wouldn't be no use. I keep telling myself

I'm goin' to jam up with Ed Williams. That's the way I train."

Driscoll took a deep breath before he continued:

"I've been pretendin' I'm fightin' Ed Williams in half the towns in this country. The joke is that the real Ed Williams wouldn't last thirty seconds against me. It would be manslaughter if I hit him. But I remember him from grammar school, when he was bigger than me."

"I keep hatin' Ed Williams right up to the gong. I shut my ears when they introduce the fellow in the other corner. Ed's over there, I keep telling myself. Ed's laughing at you and callin' you a harp and sayin' dead cats an' alley rats is good enough for the Democrats. You see, Miss Kellar, I was the only Democrat kid in the grammar school. All the others was just big hay-kickers and left-handers and Republicans. Until th' sixth grade I used to have two fights every day, noon and night. This Ed Williams was the only one I didn't lick."

THE girl nodded. She understood perfectly. Her own school days had begun in Boston, in a non-Irish neighborhood.

"So, when I get the gong, I tear after this other fellow, pretendin' he's this Ed Williams and I got to finish him before the principal of the school can get out into the yard to stop us. Usually I'm so mad that I can't feel what he does to me and I can do a three-man job on him. I know it ain't anything scientific, but it usually levels them off in a round or two."

Mary Kellar sat back in her chair. She was thinking. If her father were only reasonable about things—if she hadn't made that unfortunate miscalculation, that time, about the amount of food a heavyweight fighter needed to prepare him for a ten-round bout—she knew

she could take this willing youngster and transform him into an athlete worth traveling around the world to see. Why, he had everything except the skill now. He was like an untrained artist, a man with a natural feeling for color and with a true sense of proportion and design. All he needed was a few lessons in putting on the paint.

"I wonder," she said, "if you could keep something a secret from my father?"

"Could I?" Driscoll's face brightened. Sharing a secret with her might be a nice start toward getting something in writing at the license bureau. "Try me."

"You'll give me your word that you won't let father know about this?"

The Butcher raised his right hand. He knew how to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[AND A ONE-TWO TO THE HEART]
Continued from page sixty-one

take a legal oath. Once he had been forced to appear before a grand jury to perjure himself for a friend.

"It's a bargain, then," Mary held out her hand. "I'm going to teach you how to box."

Handy Jack rented glove room in Pete Bell's Health Studio, which is way over by the river. When Butcher Driscoll was training there, it was next to impossible to be knocked down. The place was so crowded with ambitious youths spitting on the floor and swapping lefts and rights that there was scarcely room to fall. "If you need a ball park to fight in," was Pete's return to all complaints, "you ought to join the army. Step on his toe and hold him until you land a few."

Handy Jack liked the atmosphere. It steadied a young fellow to see the businesslike way those wharf rats went to work. And it wised up a green boy to hear the advice and alibis that filled the air. "It ain't a parlor and this mob ain't amateurs," he explained to Butch. "I know they eat with their knives, but they never shut their eyes when they duck a punch."

The camp was all right. His fighter wasn't.

"Butcher," he pleaded, one March afternoon, "it's only five days before your bout. Don't you feel your mad comin' on yet?"

Butch grinned. He was skipping a rope for five rounds, and making heavy work of it. The grin didn't suit his manager. He'd been hoping for an angry glare.

"Forget that rope jumping, kid. You don't have to know how to get out of anybody's way."

"I lack footwork, Jack," the fighter said. "I been shufflin' around the canvas flat-footed and I thought rope skippin' would—"

"You thought, did you? Hm-m-m. That's bad."

"Say." The middleweight flushed. "I got a right to think."

"You got a right and left, too, Butch. Dandies. But they ain't to think with."

"What's your idea? You want to keep me down?" He dropped the rope and took a step toward his manager. "When I see a chance to—"

"Keep you down?" Handy Jack couldn't believe his ears. "You're no good to me down. Stay vertical. Why, somebody must have been puttin' stuff in your coffee. What do you mean?"

The Butcher flushed. He shouldn't have said that. "I didn't mean nothin', Jack. Forget it."

"Is someone gettin' to you, kid? Did one of these sharpshooters crack wise about me?"

DRISCOLL, feeling smaller than a wart, shook his head. He liked Handy Jack—but he was in love with Mary.

"They might have told you I been holdin' out on your money." The older man lowered his voice. "You can get a lawyer and go over the books, son. Every nickel's there. I can't figure good enough to put over any funny stuff. Anybody that told you I was wrong is a liar, and I can lick him to prove it."

"I know you're square, Jack."

"Why, Butch, I've got nothin' to hide from you. Didn't I tell you—without your askin' me, too—how I won my big fight from Moran? When I spilled that to you the night in St. Louis, I put my reputation right in your hands. Ain't that so?"

The Butcher nodded.

"I couldn't think more of you if you was my own son."

Driscoll was silent. "My own son." He liked to hear Mary's father say those words. If he could only explain it all to him. But of course he couldn't break his promise to Mary.

"Forget this footwork nonsense," concluded the manager. "Your dogs always took you where you wanted to go, didn't they? What more do you want?" He turned and called to his handy man. "Hey, Rusty! Put on the gloves for six rounds! Butch wants to spar."

Rusty came forward reluctantly. The Butcher was always sorry afterward, but the minute he saw someone in

front of him he lost his head. "Don't sock, now," Gaffney pleaded.

"I won't," promised the Butcher.

"You always say that," Rusty muttered. Handy Jack pulled out his watch and called, "Time!"

As he squared off, Butch was trying to remember what Mary had said about keeping on his toes. She didn't want him stumbling around like an old woman in carpet slippers. His crouching and weaving were out, too. That was cave-man stuff, unworthy of a first-rate boxer. He must stay erect.

"Time!" repeated Handy Jack.

"Not too hard," cautioned Rusty from behind his glove.

"What-ch waitin' for, the green light? Go to work!"

Handy Jack pushed him toward his sparring partner.

RUSTY gritted his teeth and fainted with his left, a protective gesture which he hoped might save his chin for use at supper.

The Butcher's mind was on his last night's lesson, and his weight was uncomfortably on his toes. He rolled back from the other's glove. But he rolled too far and almost lost his balance. If Rusty had even touched him, he would have gone down. Behind them someone snickered.

Handy Jack caught his fighter by the shoulders, whirled him around, and pushed him into a corner. "Lemme smell your breath," he ordered.

"I haven't drunk a thing. Honest."

"Been doin' something worse?"

"Cross my heart, Jack. Not a thing I hadn't ought to."

"Well, you're wabbling like the stock market."

He couldn't explain about the folk dancing Mary was teaching him to make him graceful. He knew he was feet-conscious, but she said he'd get over that in a few days.

The manager was puzzled. It might be that the kid had turned yellow, got afraid of having his face punched. These hours of rope skipping and shadow boxing that Butch was putting in looked as though he were welshing. But, knowing Butch, Jack didn't believe it. There was good, honest homicide in the boy's heart when he was right. There must be some other reason.

"Knock off for the day, kid," he commanded. "Maybe you're overtrained. Go somewhere and declare yourself. Get into an argument. That might bring you back to your form."

"Argument? What kind of an argument?"

"Politics, religion, or baseball. Anything that burns you up. Somethin' to get mad over."

"Sure, Jack; I'll do that," the fighter agreed humbly.

"And you eat some cannibal sandwiches and raw onions for supper. Maybe you been short on your red meat."

"Yes, Jack."

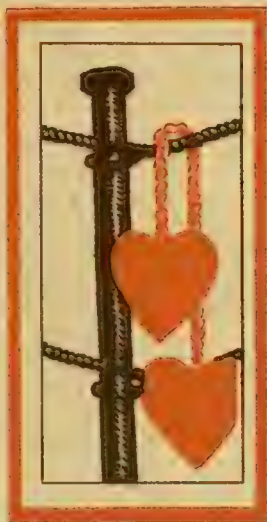
"I'll see you up in your room at ten o'clock. Try and feel mean by then, won't you, kid?"

The manager went out shaking his head despondently. Things were bad.

He identified himself at the door of a speakeasy and ordered an old-fashioned. The best idea he ever had came from a gin and bitters in the old Hoffman House bar, the day before he started training for his twenty-rounder with Punishin' Pat Hogan. Right out of a highball glass he got his hunch to leave his glove untied and to keep looking at it. Then, when Hogan's gaze followed his, to drop him with a left to the chin.

Handy Jack used whisky for inspirational and medicinal purposes only. Right now he needed inspiration. He ordered his second old-fashioned.

He raised his head to gulp it down—for he hated the taste—and there, above the bar, was his idea in a black-and-gilt frame. It wasn't a painting of Venus Surprised or anything crude like that, such as hung in old-time bar-rooms before they became coeducational. It was very modern—a water color of a girl tennis player going after a cannonball serve to the back court. It was called Singles.



"She looks like Mary," the manager muttered. "Haven't seen Mary since the fight."

He put down his glass and the bartender refilled it without being told.

"Look at me," he commanded. "Take a good look. You wouldn't think I got a daughter prettier than that picture up there, would you, now?"

The man behind the bar said he wouldn't.

"Well, I have. Lots prettier. She can run the eighty-meter hurdles in thirteen seconds flat. She done it."

"That so?"

"Yes—and that ain't all, either. She threw a regulation baseball two hundred thirty-one feet nine inches. And she high-jumped four foot seven and a half."

"Want another?" asked the bartender.

"Sure. And, do you know, I ain't seen my little girl in goin' on three weeks."

"That ain't right, mister," returned the bartender. "A man had ought to see his family regular."

"I'm goin' up there," promised Handy Jack. "I'm goin' up there tonight. Just as soon as it's dark. I wouldn't have none of them swell girls in that school see these handles on my head." He pointed to his flattened ears. "I care about such things—if Mary don't," he added.

The gymnasium shades were drawn, he noticed, as he prowled around to the back door, but there was a light inside. Mary probably had her awkward squad working overtime. If he said it, who shouldn't, she was the best physical director in the country.

On the frozen ground below the southeast window lay a narrow strip of light. The shade hadn't quite come down to the bottom of the sash. Handy Jack paused. Before he rapped on the back door he would like to be sure the girls had enough clothes on. He bent down and squinted in.

"May the devil admire me," exploded Jack, "if it isn't the Butcher in there with Mary!" He blinked and looked again. "She's teachin' him to fence. No wonder his footwork's gone screwy!"

To save the strain on his back, he dropped to one knee. "Look at her," he stormed. "She's makin' him keep his weight on his back foot. That's a fencin' stance, you fool! A fighter's weight has to be on his forward foot, so he can sock walkin' in. He couldn't bust an egg on a guy's forehead from that position. You've done it, Mary, you fool! You got that poor boy so mixed up he don't know left from right and right from wrong. You'd cross your poor old father! You'd take my boy, my Butcher, and turn him into a cake-eater, would you? You'd bite the hand that fed you. Just like your mother! I'll learn you, Mary—I'll learn you to—"



INSIDE the gym, Mary was congratulating Butch on his last parry. "That was fine. Now you're getting it."

"You do think I'm some good?" he asked anxiously.

"You think I stand a chance?"

"To win the fight?"

"I mean a chance with you." She drew back a little. "Oh, I know I ain't much now. But if I win this fight there may be a great future before me," he said solemnly. "If I win the fight, Mary—" He tried awkwardly to take her in his arms, but she sidestepped with all a fencer's skill.

"If I win the fight?" he pleaded.

"Well, I won't say no." Mary walked away from him, but smiled back over her shoulder.

Handy Jack could not hear what they were saying, but the pantomime was eloquent.

He ran to the door. His hand touched the latch. He stopped short. It was five days before the fight. He couldn't correct that fencing stance, that toe dancing and air pawing she'd taught Butch, in four workouts. It meant weeks of work. And Handy Jack didn't have a fighter to deal with any more; it was a lover.

"Mary," the manager promised under his breath, "you'll feel worse than I do, right now, when you get what's coming to you. And," he swore, "you'll get it, just as sure as I live until Monday night."

The bout was set for Monday.

Handy Jack turned and walked slowly back to the street.

The Butcher was nervous in the dressing room. Mary had told him so much. He must keep on his toes and move with a sort of glide. He wasn't to rush in and force the fighting, either. He was to win—but by a decision. That was the kind of a fight she liked to see. He must outpoint this Baltimore slugger in every round.

BUTCHER DRISCOLL remembered regretfully the old days when he used to sit in his dressing room and nurse a grudge while they were walking through the semifinal. It was so much easier to premeditate assault with intent to kill than to remember that gavotte step.

It was hard. But that was what she wanted. And she said that if he won . . .

Love was swell. He'd do a lot for love—he'd even try to stand on his toes for fifteen rounds.

Handy Jack wasn't around. Butch was glad of that. The manager would try to pump him full of iron and mayhem. Butch needed the time to think about his boxing lessons.

He was wondering who this new crowd of mugs were who had come unbidden into his dressing room. To wait for Handy Jack, they said. There were four or five of them, regular tough preliminary fighters, heavyweights. There wasn't an ounce of ability in the lot of them, he should judge. Just big oxen who put on the gloves and did what they were told. He might always have been that kind of a fighter if it hadn't been for Mary. But now he'd soon be moving with the aristocrats of the ring business, fancy glove throwers who broke into society, and read Shakespeare, and knew . . .

"Last round," a voice called. "Ready for the main event."

The Butcher stood up, stretched, snapped the elastic band that held up his trunks. He mustn't be over-eager. He must stand on his toes and retreat before the rushes of that Baltimore bruiser. Like a toreador in the bull ring, expert and graceful. He must play with him, show his mastery, let his head win for his fists.

"Bring her in here," said Handy Jack's voice.

Butch's eyes widened as the door opened. Two more rough strangers, hewn apparently from the same timber as his own unfamiliar bodyguard, were out in the corridor. Between them stood a woman.

"Mary!" the fighter shouted. He tried to spring toward her, but three

heavyweights barred his path.

"Butch!" Mary's voice was anxious. "Father knows—"

A giant man—two giants, in fact, were holding Driscoll's arms. He couldn't move.

Into the glare of the dressing-room light stepped Handy Jack.

"You both heard me, that night, when I said I'd fix her if she ever interfered with me again," snapped the manager. "You both know what she done, and I know it. I seen you, Butch, goin' to pieces. And, Mary, it was yo' crossin' me!"

"Come on, Driscoll," called a voice. "Th' Chesapeake boy's in the ring now."

"You! You're just like your ma." Handy Jack took a step toward his daughter. "I knowed what your ma needed all the time I lived with her, but I was too much of a gent to give it to her. You need the same thing, and you'll get it, here and now."

Very deftly Handy Jack flashed an uppercut. With the heel of his hand he caught his daughter on the point of

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORNS



INSTANT RELIEF

No waiting! The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, pain from corns and sore toes stops! You get this quick relief because Zino-pads are scientifically designed to remove the cause and mildly medicated to end pain. Try them and see!

100% SAFE— AVOIDS ACID BURN

For safety's sake avoid caustic liquids or plasters—they inflict acid burn when they come in contact with the surrounding live skin. BE SAFE! Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—thin, antiseptic, easy to apply. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns between toes. Trifling in cost. At all drug and shoe stores.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

WRINKLES

—they keep admirers away!

Wrinkles—imperfect skin—oily hair—they keep some girls from getting the admiration that is their due. And they are so easily remedied! The Liberty Book of Beauty tells just what to do for wrinkles and other mars to beauty. Thousands of women have used and praised it. Discusses every beauty problem. Illustrated. Send 10¢ (stamps or coin) for your copy today!



LIBERTY BOOK OF BEAUTY

Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of the Liberty Book of Beauty. I enclose ten cents.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... 2-20-32

[AND A ONE-TWO TO THE HEART]

Continued from page sixty-three

her dimpled chin. She sagged back into the waiting hands of the two thugs behind her.

The manager wheeled on Butch, struggling with his captors, and livid as a man who sees the desecration of a shrine. "She asked for it," said Handy Jack. "Take him down and throw him in the ring, boys."

Five husky stevedores propelled Driscoll out of the dressing room.

Butch struggled, but it was no use.

When he saw the ring ahead of him, his foggy brain cleared. They were going to make him fight, were they? He'd show them! He'd kill that man in the opposite corner. He'd kill him, then he'd kill Handy Jack and rescue Mary.

HE never heard the roar that greeted him. His ears were deaf to the announcer's "Butcher Driscoll, one hundred and fifty-seven pounds." His nerves were waiting for that gong that would let him wade into this Maryland punk and chop him down, as an appetizer for his real pleasure, the mangling of Handy Jack. "Time," someone called as the gong sounded.

That Baltimore fighter was hardly off his stool when the Butcher reached him. The left into Driscoll's eyes never slowed him up. He felt the other rise off the floor when he barged in with his right. Another to his eyes. That was nothing. The fellow would clinch him and pound his kidneys, would he? Butch shook him off as a bull brushes away a fly, and

when he bent over, trying to cover up, Driscoll's right straightened him up. A right will, if it sweeps upward like a six-inch shell to a man's chin. A left followed it. The referee had to push the Butcher back to his corner before he could count his opponent out. He raised the victor's glove, but the victor tore it from his fingers, dove through the ring ropes.

Handy Jack, standing in the aisle, saw him coming. Handy ran. He was spry for his age. He prayed that no joker tried to trip him. His hurdling days were over, and if the Butcher caught him he was afraid his other days were over, too.

"Mary!" her father called. She was in the hall that ran back to the dressing rooms. Winded, Handy Jack got her between him and his favorite pug. "Stop him, Mary!"

She took her right hand down from her chin and held it out. The Butcher's rush was halted.

"I'm going to kill—" he threatened his manager.

"Butch," said Mary, "hold on there! You won, didn't you? Don't you know you won?"

"Of course I won!"

He noticed she was smiling.

"Well," said Mary, "father thought you'd turned so fancy with your boxing that you wouldn't win unless he made you mad. So he socked me. He explained it to me afterward."

The Butcher glared.

"I'd take a sock for you any day." She put her hands on his shoulders. "Remember what I promised you if you won?"

THE END

Fifth of a Series of Yardleygrams

By Herbert O. Yardley

Author of The American Black Chamber

"IT was not only German spies who met death," Allan Crossle began at his fifth lesson in cryptography with his nephew. "Occasionally an American paid the death penalty. In the early part of the war, Intelligence was divided between the Navy and War departments and at times their strings crossed.

"Our Navy Department received word from British Naval Intelligence, where intercepted German code messages were solved by cryptographers, that one Isabelle Morgan, a German spy, would arrive on the S. S. Finland, carrying a secret message. Military Intelligence knew nothing of this. The Naval Intelligence took her off the boat at Quarantine. Her effects and her clothing were searched by ultra-violet rays and the iodine vapor test for secret writing, but without success. Women secret-ink chemists were called in. They treated her body for secret writing. No success. Finally in desperation they clipped the golden short curls from her head. There on her scalp they found tattooed these letters:

ASSIA EHPEI ETSAS NTTER SDN

"This message is a transposition route cipher, called the *rail fence*," Allan continued. "It was also used by the Union forces during the Civil War. To show you how messages are enciphered in this system, I'll use the alphabet as a message:

a c e g i k m o q s u w y
b d f h j l n p r t v x z

"The message is first disarranged in this manner, and sent in groups of five letters, taking the first, then the second horizontal lines: ACEGI KMOQS UWYBD FHJLN PRTVX Z. If you will experiment a while with this cipher and thoroughly understand the system, you should be able to decipher the spy message."

The solution will appear in next week's Liberty.

The Bootleggers' Ball

A New For THE LOVE O' LIL

HIGH society and charity affairs have nothing on the big doings at the swellest hotel when Neighbor Smithers and his bootlegging friends and associates decide to throw a party.

There was a day not so long ago when Lil would have sniffed at associating with the Smitherses; but times have changed, and Lil knows that Mr. Smithers is trying to get Sandy to come in with him on his liquor traffic. And Lil wouldn't be *too* sorry. If Sandy is going in at all, Lil decided, he is going in *big*! So when the Smitherses announced the fancy-dress ball at the swanky new National Hotel, she outdid herself in scouting for worthy costumes.

Finally, after discarding the usual pierrettes, and Carmens, and gypsy girls, and the other run of ordinary inspiration, she and Sandy decided they would go as Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman. Lil had always seen herself as Greta Garbo, and now she imitated as closely as possible the make-up and daring costume of the exotic star.

Sandy tried his best to grow a mustache in time, but decided to strengthen the impression with pencil—which is quite agreeable to Lil, since the penciled mustache



This week's cover picture.

will clearly tell if Sandy's lips have been working overtime behind potted palms.

"Just let me catch any female with a smear of black on her!" warned Lil.

"I won't be the only one there with a penciled mustache," grumbled Sandy.

"Nature fixed things so you couldn't see your own lips," laughed Lil triumphantly.

"Are you trying to pick a fight?"

"No, I'm trying to prevent one. Are the Smitherses going to call for us in their limousine?"

"They were," Sandy explained, "but Mrs. Smithers is going to wear a hoop skirt and there won't be room for anybody else."

"What costume is Mr. Smithers wearing?"

"He's bought a mask of Cal Coolidge. It's supposed to be a big secret."

"It's a great mistake," Lil shook her head, "because even that mask couldn't keep him quiet, and he'll spoil the effect by talking too much."

They got into their old rattletrap of a car and drove all the way into New York, feeling very chilly and uncomfortable in their sparse get-up. Of course, that's just the time that a motorcycle cop would stop them for cutting corners when turning a curve.

Perhaps it was the dim light, or perhaps it was just a cruel fate that wanted to get Lil's goat—but:

"Now, if 'tain't Ronald Colman!" gasped the cop, eyes popping.

Sandy cleared his throat with nice embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "if I've done something wrong, but we were trying to get to the studio on time."

"Go right ahead. Go right ahead," said the officer, and rode off, to leave Sandy triumphant and Lil trying to appreciate the joke.

But the evening held many surprises, for didn't Sandy walk off with the first prize?

And everybody in the entire place remarked how much he looked like Ronald Colman, until Lil could have screamed with the sound of it.

Not that she was jealous, of course. But *nobody* recognized the fact that she was Garbo!



TASTES
LIKE
MORE



● Be sure you get genuine Nyal Honey and Horehound Cough Syrup for coughs and colds. Tested by time and proved in thousands of homes. Large bottle, 50c, only at

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORES

They guarantee every Nyal Product



Boy! What Swell Free Prizes!

You get 'em by selling Liberty magazines. And it's so easy. So easy to win the prizes every fellow longs for... from ice skates to fountain pens with athletic equipment galore included. Oh, you just *have* to see our prize catalog—chock-full of more than 400 prizes Liberty Boys get free! . . . And besides



there's money to be earned selling Liberty—gobs and gobs of it. Spend it or save it, as you wish {save preferably}. But it's yours! You can't afford *not* to send us that coupon below, and learn the full details, of how to become a Liberty Boy Salesman as well as getting that whiz of a catalog. Act now!

Mail This Today!

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

L.2-20-32

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Have a parent show approval by signing here:

.....

(Next week's cover adventure: Washington Crossing the Backyard)

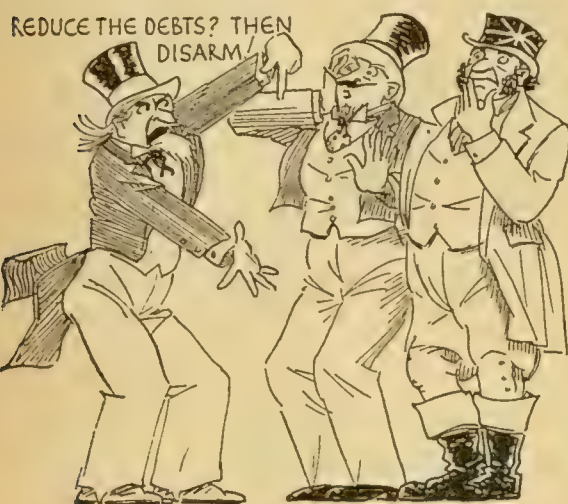


Vox

"Do We Dare Cancel Our War Debts?"

MONTROSE, PA.—I read Jay Franklin's article, "Do We Dare Cancel Our War Debts?" Of course the average American is too thick to see that we cannot get our money back from Europe when the nations over there are using every means at their command to increase their armies and navies.

Why not get a statement from these countries so we can see just what they



are spending their money for? We'd like to know just what sums they are pouring into military and naval armaments, instead of using those sums to pay their debts.

Those countries look like a carpenter coming to work with a ruler in his pocket and a tool box full of six-shooters and hand grenades. If the United States can make the European nations take some of that junk out of the box and replace it with implements of peace, well and good. It's up to Uncle Sam to make sure that the debts are not reduced until Europe agrees to stop arming to the teeth.—C. T. C.

The Happy Warrior's Private War

SOMEWHERE LOOKING FOR A JOB—"A New Way Out of Prohibition," by that Grand Old Scrapper from New York's East Side, Al Smith, was a mountain of truth and plain American common sense.

This country needs Al Smith; needs him badly. Needs his personality, his statesmanship, his honesty, his frankness, and his leadership.—*One of Hoover's Seven Million Victims.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Ponder this, Al. Centuries ago, a law was passed. Murder was forbidden. Well, we are a whole lot nearer our goal than when we started, and we still bring to justice only five per cent of all murderers. Had it been repealed and murder licensed, we would not have to pay taxes.

Oh, goody! Let's repeal the law on murder!—Phil B. Patton.

HUTCHINSON, KAN.—I second the motion made by former governor Alfred

E. Smith in his article on prohibition.

The difference between our present era and the era prior to the "calamity" is that you don't know what you are getting, it costs more, and the benefits derived from the sale go to the wrong people.—Mrs. N. L. Leslie.

MENLO PARK, N. J.—Al Smith says, "the only solution of the liquor problem is for the federal government to turn it back to the states, where it was since the beginning of our government."

Oh, yeah?

Then who plastered the internal revenue stamps on all distilled liquors and fixed the legal alcoholic content of beer in the pre-prohibition days?

It is quite evident that Al is interested in less law, but certainly more beer.

Doesn't he know even yet what licked him?—Henry Hall.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Al! Oh, Al! Why does he try to change the liquor situation when so vast a number of the unemployed find employment illicitly? And then he suggests that legal booze may put thousands to work.

What's to be done with the bootleggers who will lose their jobs?—*One Who Voted for Al.*

MOBILE, ALA.—In his Liberty article Al Smith shot straight from the shoulder and hit the heart of every broad-minded American citizen.—*A Mobile Legionnaire.*

Knocking Knockers

FERGUSON, IOWA—Wonder what's the matter with your cantankerous cover design critics?

They're all wet, and anyone who has even the meager knowledge of craftsmanship, composition, and subject matter that I possess can tell them so and prove it.

A few of them have had a little art, judging from the way they speak up in meeting, but such a small amount that I doubt if they were at school long enough to have been kicked out.

I'll bet Leslie Thrasher is making cover designs when these eggs are playing nursemaid to a team of mules.—Frank King, Jr.



Frank King, Jr.

Tales for Our Times

PELHAM, N. Y.—Give us more stories like "Corn-Fed and Cagey," by Claire Pomeroy. Snappy dialogue and plenty of laughs.

That's what we all want in these depressing days.

And that's why I liked "Take Thou This Nose," by Albert Treynor.—Frank Humphreys.

The Poor Rich

GRANITE FALLS, MINN.—Mr. Vanderbilt wrote an interesting article in "How Society Is Meeting the Depression," but I cannot agree with him that such a large proportion of the fortunes of the wealthy "elect" have been preserved, despite the fact that they have available the best investment counsel.



C. B. Harris

A Wall Street attorney who handles large estates recently stated that the estates he had handled during the past two years had shrunk as much as seventy per cent in value since 1929, while two of the estates did not have enough assets to make the cash bequests in the will.—C. B. Harris.

Somebody's Always Taking the Joy Out of Life

NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I take the liberty of asking what kind of a complex Liberty Weekly possesses, that its stories and illustrations run so strongly to wild women? Not content with making it appear that all white women are loaded for bear with feverishness and wild frenzy, you have to ring in the untamed women of the tropics, as if there were not enough, or not wild enough ones, at home.

Your bilious sheet has reeked with brown-skinned females, wearing skirts of spaghetti, lurking around in the bushes with white men, splashing around in swamps with the crocodiles.

Between your lurid thrillers about the African jungles where they live on live grasshoppers, and the Reno desert where they live on gin, you keep our nerves in



a continual jump of suspense as to what may happen any minute to your fictitious heroines.

One would judge from the present-day magazine "literature" that all the cave people are not dead yet—in fact, that the cave woman is only at this late day coming into her own, and posing, in all her cave womanliness, for your illustrators.—M. J. B. Cauffey.

Pop



Bootleggers, Prohibitionists, and the Devil

DOVER, DEL.—How the devil must smile when and if he reads your profound editorials on the subject of prohibition!

And I wondered as I read that one entitled "Bootleggers—Prohibitionists:



An Unholy Combination," how much you get from him for doing his dirty work.

I sympathize with you in your blindness.—A. W. Inderlied.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Hurrah for Liberty! Your editorial, "Bootleggers—Prohibitionists: An Unholy Combination," hit the nail square on the head.

Now let everybody drive that nail all the way in.

You are one hundred per cent right when you say that the money the bootleggers have been making is tragically needed, right now, to help pay the great expenses of our government.—A Lover of Liberty.

MADISON, WIS.—As a lifelong prohibitionist, I read your editorial, "Bootleggers—Prohibitionists: An Unholy Combination," with interest.

For half a century I was an unwilling participant in the liquor business. I was virtually a distiller, a brewer, and a saloon keeper, because my government was protecting the business and sharing in its profits. The Eighteenth Amendment stopped that. It also closed the saloon, in which the workingman was enticed to spend the greater part of his pay check.—Wm. C. Dean.

BOSTON, MASS.—In a world full of lies, the truth ought to be told occasionally. And the editor of Liberty told the truth in his editorial about the alliance between the bootleggers and the prohibitionists.—M. F.

Ray for Mrs. Ray!

BATON ROUGE, LA.—What America needs is more mothers like Mrs. Marie Beynon Ray instead of a good five-cent cigar. Her "Why I Want an Unkissed Son-in-Law" was great. More! More! —Doyle.

The Farm Cure

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I read Mary Noble's article, "Can the Small Farm Pay?" and decided to do a little investigating, just to learn how many persons I could find, (casually) who, if they had the means, would choose to be on a small farm.

Out of sixty-two men I questioned, fifty-three of them (all with families) said they would be tickled to death to get on a small farm.

If the government or the states could help such people get started, the help would be permanent.

If I could secure as much as \$600 I'd show the world how soon I could make a small farm (not in Arizona) pay.—E. Y. Strong.

VALATIE, N. Y.—Has Mary Noble, in her travels off the main highways, ever seen poor, run-down farms? Did she ever stop to find out the reason for the poverty that exists there—both soil poverty and human poverty?

It would make a good foundation for her next article on the back-to-the-land movement.

The only farmer who is making a living is the man with \$15,000 and up invested in his farm.

And if he was to charge up six per cent on money invested, wages for himself, depreciation, and insurance on buildings, tools, stock, etc., he would be on the wrong side of the profit and loss sheet every year.

How about country mills and factories going on a six-hour shift, five days a week, and each worker with one or two acres of land to work in his spare time? —Charles Burghardt.

SEVERY, KAN.—"Can the Small Farm Pay?" by Mary Noble, showed the way out of the depression.

More than that, it revealed the method for the permanent abolition of depressions.—Rector Green.

Anyway, No Family Can Manage Without It

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A friend of mine, whose wife was working, was pushing the baby carriage on the street the other day, so I called to him, and he stopped to chat a bit. The baby was crying—it was either hungry or something—and I took a peep and there, for a cushion, was a pile of Libertys, that just fitted the coach.



Walter C. Hackney

Well, I just smiled, for I knew my friend was in a hurry to get to that place of refuge, his home.

As I bade him good-by I just wondered what next they are going to use Liberty for! —Walter C. Hackney.

And We'd Just Booked Passage for Africa!

DALLAS, TEX.—"What the African Jungle Does To a White Man," by Bessie Thome, left me gasping for air!

I am a British subject, South African born, and there are not very many places in Africa (jungle or otherwise) that I have not visited.

In East Africa white men don't flog native girls, regardless of their status, unless they want to spend six months in jail. Neither do they carry Australian stock whips as pictured by the illustrator, Edgar McGraw!

Native women on the East Coast would throw a fit if they saw Mr. McGraw's picture of dear Eric's past love! Also, many more white men would be living in the bush, if such beauties existed there. I lived in the jungle for many months, alone except for Negroes, and now feel, after reading your story, that I must have missed out on something there.—"Bwana 'Mganga."

Wanted: A New Law to Break

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Here's a swell idea for alleviating this here depression and getting jobs for folks that ain't got none.

Here it is. Perhibit coffee drinking. Coffee is a habit forming drink. The drys and reformers guzzle it plenty, and it's wrecking their morels and their health. Let's spread this slogan, Caffein is dope and worsen gin.

Now the benefitts of such a law fol-lers. It will make more jobs for snoop-



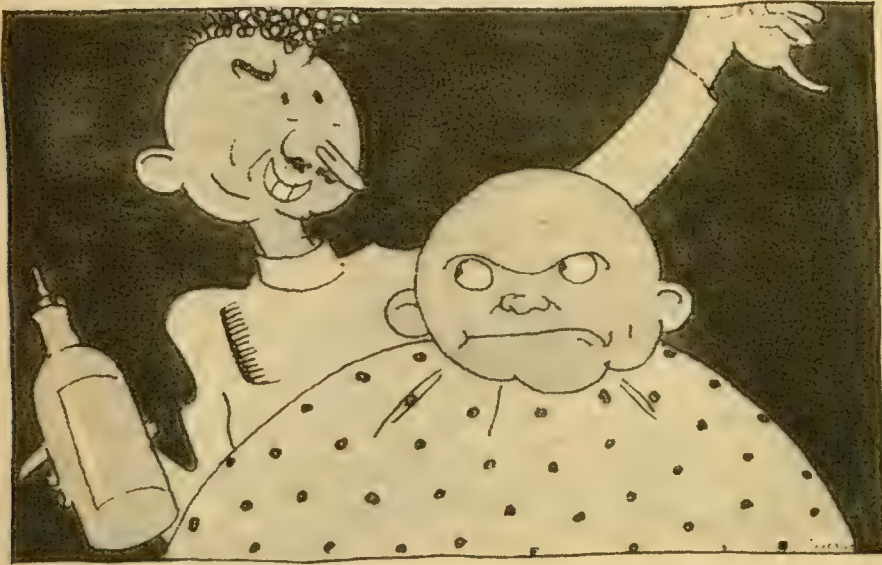
ers. It will stimulate invenshun, the smell proof percalater for instance. If you fine all the illisit users that will lower taxes. And we can build more jails and pens to hold the violaters, and that'll give more work for the idel.

The law makers aint doing much and there's talk of cutting their pay. This'll git 'em more bribe muny and make a lot more gangsters for lawyers to defend and undertakers to berry and flower stores to decerate the funerals. Folks that dont touch the coffee cup that cheers will get to be adicks in less than

Folks, Crack Wise and Win a Prize!

LIBERTY PAYS **\$500** THIS WEEK FOR
FUNNY ANSWERS

Write 'em and Win!



What Should Be Done for Bald-Headed Men?

WEEKLY CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	\$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each \$10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each \$5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each \$2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each \$1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	\$500

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.

2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.

3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use the coupon, a copy thereof, or a plain sheet of paper. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Answers in pencil will not be considered. If you do not use the coupon, write on one side of your sheet of paper only.

4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future edition of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.

5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Tuesday, February 23, 1932.

AGAIN this week Liberty will pay \$500 in big cash prizes for smart-Aleck answers to a contest question. Well, not exactly "smart-Aleck." That's when the other fellow says it. "Wise-crack" answers is probably a more diplomatic expression of the idea. Wise cracks or what have you?

Want to win a hundred bucks? Or fifty simoleons? Or twenty-five berries? Or ten iron men? Here's your chance, in just a few words—not more than twenty, to be exact.

This week the contest question is, "What should be done for bald-headed men?"

Oh, yeah? Well, write it down and send it to the contest judges. To try for a share in the prize money simply put your wise crack into twenty words or less and suggest another question available for use in this contest. Simple enough, isn't it? Why not give it a whirl? Seriously, your chance to win some of the easy money is excellent.

To make it all the easier to enter, we have provided a coupon on which you can write your answer, your question, and your name and address. But it isn't even necessary to use the coupon. Use ordinary writing paper if you wish.

You've always had plenty of fun at the expense of the bald-headed fraternity. Now, even better, turn the fun into cash. A good gag is worth its weight in gold. Send yours in and let the judges assay it.

THIS COUPON IS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

What Should Be Done for Bald-Headed Men?

Answer

.....

.....

New Question

.....

.....

Name

Address

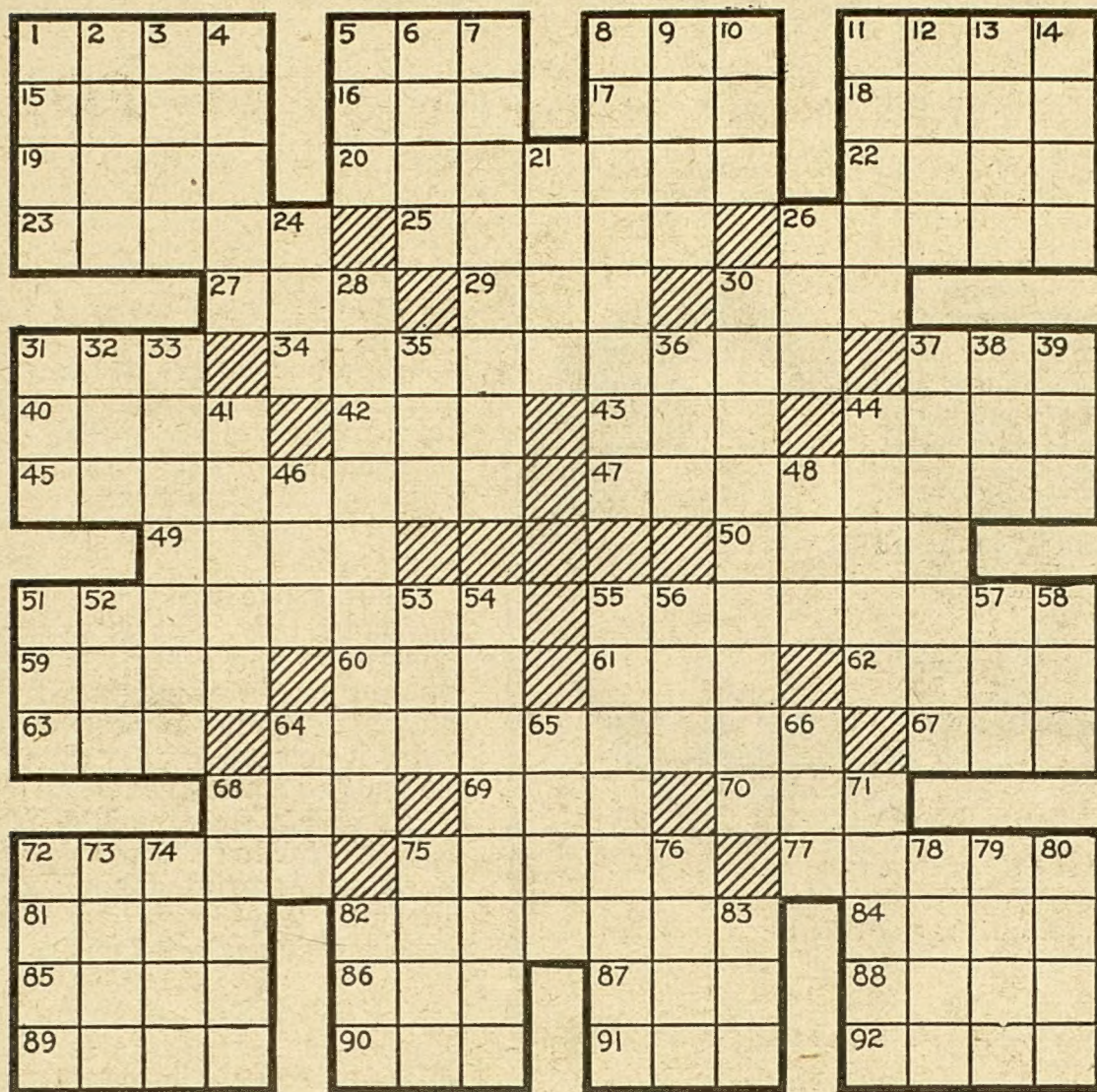
City

State

ANOTHER QUESTION AND MORE CASH PRIZES NEXT WEEK!

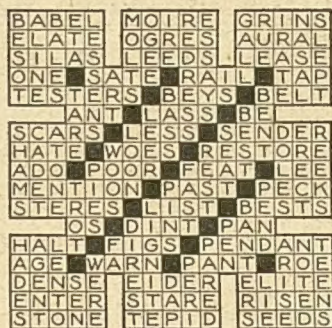
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Saturate
- 5 Small fishing boat
- 8 Unrefined
- 11 Variety of cabbage
- 15 Capable
- 16 Past
- 17 Woman's name
- 18 Persian poet
- 19 City in Alaska
- 20 Propelled
- 22 Political radicals
- 23 Distributes
- 25 Compound ether
- 26 Ecclesiastic's residence
- 27 Plant by strewing
- 29 Wooden pin
- 30 A conveyance
- 31 Snake
- 34 Entertained with open-air music
- 37 Antelope
- 40 Cattle
- 42 Comprehend
- 43 Label
- 44 Greek deity
- 45 Abhorred
- 47 Render feeble
- 49 County in Ohio
- 50 Mammilla
- 51 Medieval musical entertainer
- 55 Weavers
- 59 Poker stake
- 60 Born
- 61 Tennis stroke
- 62 Silkworm
- 63 Form of to be
- 64 Arrestable
- 67 Turf
- 68 Conflict
- 69 One experienced in service (colloq.)



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 70 Attention
- 72 Raid
- 75 Sanctions
- 77 Candle
- 81 Metal
- 82 Small birds
- 84 Went horseback
- 85 Classify
- 86 Measure of work
- 87 The turmeric
- 88 Pieces out
- 89 Wheelless vehicle
- 90 Printer's measures
- 91 Inclosure
- 92 Torn

VERTICAL

- 1 Grit
- 2 Wind instrument
- 3 Woman's name
- 4 Turns over
- 5 Head covering
- 6 Molding
- 7 Success
- 8 Consign; transfer
- 9 State to be true
- 10 Espouse
- 11 Holy book of Moham-medans
- 12 So be it!
- 13 Youths
- 14 Gaelic
- 21 Solar disk in Egyptian religion
- 24 Distress signal
- 26 Rabid
- 28 Occidental
- 30 Food plant
- 31 In addition
- 32 Bishop's domain
- 33 Grants of rights
- 35 Sandpiper
- 36 Man's nickname
- 37 Abraders
- 38 No
- 39 Employment
- 41 Succinct
- 44 Avoid
- 46 Perch
- 48 Brazilian coin
- 51 Bird's crop
- 52 Woman's name
- 53 Fish
- 54 Remnants; residue
- 55 Prates
- 56 Plunder
- 57 River (Spanish)
- 58 Downcast
- 64 Division of time
- 65 Bring forth young
- 66 Consume
- 68 Diminished
- 71 More unusual
- 72 Trees
- 73 Verbal
- 74 Mechanical repetition
- 75 Commercial partnership
- 76 Proof reader's term
- 78 Thrust; prod
- 79 Town in Maine
- 80 Repose
- 82 Shelter
- 83 Speak

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Old Money and stamps WANTED

POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, \$200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams \$740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY \$100 FOR DIME
1894 S. Mint; \$50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

NUMISMATIC COMPANY OF TEXAS
Dept. 389 FORT WORTH, TEXAS
[Largest Rare Coin Establishment in U. S.]

HEADACHES go IN 15 MINUTES or MONEY BACK

DON'T DRAG OUT A HEADACHE

Save your nerves and disposition. Safely and almost magically, Phenyo-Caffein makes throbbing, hammering headaches VANISH. Prescribed by doctors since 1888. 30¢ 60¢, \$1. At all druggists. Or, send 10¢ for trial size, Phenyo-Caffein Company, 175 Varick Street, New York.

PHENYO-CAFFEIN

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** use daily one ounce Powdered Saxolite dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. At all drug stores.

★ VETERANS get preference for Civil Service jobs!

THERE is security and opportunity in government positions. And honorably discharged soldiers, sailors and marines are given a bonus of 5 points in their examinations—disabled veterans, 10 points! Veterans need earn a rating of only 65%, disabled veterans 60% to have their names placed on the eligible register. Disabled veterans are then placed at the head of the register. The Civil Service Commission is authorized to hold special quarterly examinations for veterans entitled to disability preference.

International Correspondence Schools today are helping veterans all over the country qualify for government jobs. I. C. S. Civil Service Courses are designed to cover examination requirements and are complete in every detail. Mark and mail the coupon!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Dept. 8474-J, Scranton, Pa.

I am a ☐ veteran ☐ disabled veteran, age () and my present occupation is..... Please send me, without obligation, complete information on how I can get a permanent position in government service.

Name.....

Address.....

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first Czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 35 sec.)

PAY—don't squeal." That's what Jean Harlow's grandpa told her when he disinherited her for acting in the movies. Then they shook hands in the friendliest fashion, and grandpa went back where he came from, leaving Jean to her Hollywood career.

"My grandfather brought me up," says she, "to understand that everything we want from life has its price, and that we should meet the cost of our desires without whimpering. He also taught me to end my disagreements with a handshake. So when he and I could not agree about the movies, he kept his fortune and I stuck to the screen."

Miss Harlow has much independence of thought—and the loveliest platinum-blond hair you ever saw. She is sorely fed up with vamp rôles, which she started playing because of her bewitching hair and cannot now escape the consequences. She doesn't see why "once a vamp, always a vamp," should be the Hollywood rule. Never wears jewelry with her invariably white evening dresses.

"Jewels take away from the effect of me," she said. Is proudest of her California home, where she insists upon using her old family furniture, despite the wails of the interior decorators.

"I'll be twenty-one in March," Miss Harlow told me.

I thought her a most intriguing young person, with her sane, mature philosophies, and her white, white hair, so like a pretty lady of the old French court.

CAN any creature among human beings be more pathetic than a little girl obliged by circumstances to provide a mother's care for younger children?

Please consider Gladys, thirteen, whose mother went away to stay

with friends so that her husband's weekly twelve dollars would buy more necessities for their five children. Upon Gladys then fell all the household duties and the task of making every dollar do the work of two. Driven as she must have been, this little mother seems to have realized, with sure maternal instinct, how much her real mother was missing the small children, especially the baby, aged two. So one day a policeman found Gladys, exhausted, nine miles from home. She had tried to reach mama on foot, having no money for carfare, and she had carried the baby those nine weary miles. Imagine the bitter lessons of life she must have learned to gain such insight into her mother's loneliness and self-denial!

TWO women speakers at a banquet the other evening demonstrated the advantage of modest persuasion in a most amazing way, although they did it quite unconsciously.



Picture by GEORGIA WARREN

Both are known in political circles, and one, the chief speaker of the occasion, is by far the more famous of the two, being a writer of considerable celebrity and merit. Her speech was skilled and forceful—a little too forceful. In her firmly educational voice she told us what was what.

Then spoke the younger, the less noted lady. Not once did she contradict the other. She advanced her arguments with a shy little smile, almost uncertain, it seemed, of her right to be making a public address.

And what that touch of modesty did for her! Next day the newspapers printed her speech in full. The important lady's speech they neglected entirely.

JAPANESE prints impressed their decorative value on me once again in the rooms of a recently opened hotel. By

some subtle magic the warm tones of these pictures create an intimate, homelike atmosphere, even against a white hotel wall. If they can do that in a hotel room, think what they could do in your own home.

The prints should always be framed by narrow moldings of natural wood, preferably with a generous white mat around the picture. A few of them framed this way will redeem the ugliest long straight hallway.

CROCHET work is back in fashion again, so get out your needles, girls, and go to it. If you're handy you can homemaker the sweaters, scarfs, dress tops, and purses now all the rage in Paris. I've just seen some smart spring dresses with crochet work in a lacy design forming the upper part of the dress. The crochet wool had been dyed to match the dress goods. These dresses are extremely attractive worn with a waist-length jacket to match. Gold metal buttons on the jacket. I like them especially in the new grayish pink. Square-necked sweaters of coarse linen thread crochet knitted are being worn with tailored suits in Paris.

IF you can't come to New York to see Eugene O'Neill's great new play, *Mourning Becomes Electra*, then read the book. A real American tragedy. (Published by Liveright.)

FISH delicacies, highly seasoned, are a specialty of southern France. Their secret lies in the use of pure olive oil. If you like the *Spanisshy* sort of French cooking, try *cod à la Provençale*. Make it as follows:

In ½ cup of hot oil fry these ingredients gently for 15 minutes: 1 large chopped onion, 4 peeled tomatoes cut up and drained, 1 small clove garlic (bruised), 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon capers, 2½ tablespoons chopped black olives, salt and pepper to taste. Cut about 2 pounds of fresh cod into pieces. Simmer about 7 minutes in hot acidulated water.

Remove bones and skin, dry on cloth, add to sauce, and simmer slowly for 10 minutes. Serve very hot with boiled rice or potatoes.



Jean Harlow.



Bring your mouth back to normal..

SCIENTISTS say that modern conditions—hurry, strain—cause our mouth glands to slow up. And that this hastens tooth decay—makes our breath stale and our mouths unhealthy. What shall we do?

NATURE MEANT YOUR MOUTH TO BE SELF CLEANSING

Chewing Dentyne for five minutes (because of its special properties) will cause an extra amount of precious salivary juices to flow, checking mouth acids, purifying the breath, cleansing the teeth. The frequent chewing of delicious Dentyne is a delightful way to keep the mouth in a healthy, normal, self-cleansing condition.



Chew delicious

Dentyne

KEEPS THE MOUTH HEALTHY . . . KEEPS TEETH WHITE

"are you listenin'?"

ARE YOU LISTENIN'—to the pleasant things men and women everywhere are saying about the mild, cool, *freshness* of Camels?

Are you listenin'—to the mentions being made of the essential part *natural* moisture plays in enriching that freshness with *flavor*?

Are you listenin'—to the promptings of your own good taste and intelligence to *try* Camels — if you're one of those who haven't done that?

Are you listenin'—to the friendly, restful, entertaining Camel Quarter Hour on the Columbia Network evenings, when Morton Downey and Tony Wons sing and speak to you, and Jacques Renard and his orchestra play you mellow music?

Well! that's just fine! — you needn't worry about your cigarettes or your throat or your enjoyment or anything. You're fixed up already — beautifully!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

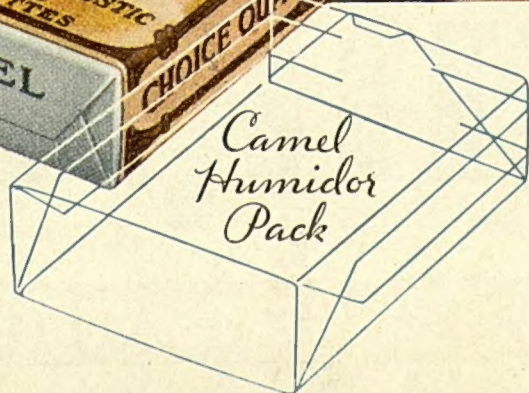
JACQUES RENARD

TONY WONS

MORTON DOWNEY



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time



CAMELS

Made FRESH — Kept FRESH